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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER



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MISS NELLIE GRANT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. FREDERICKS & CO.—SEE EDITORIAL PAGE.

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 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

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MISS NELLIE GRANT.

WHATEVER political criticism may be made of President Grant, even his enemies know that he is a man of strong domestic habits and tastes. It is said that in his early life he resigned his position in the regular army in order to live with his invalid wife near St. Louis. And during the war he had the quiet ambition to retire after the struggle, and find that there was a sidewalk near his house in Galena. During his Presidency there has been no lady in the land less talked about than Mrs. Grant. Her virtues are the more highly to be liked because they are unobtrusive. The face of her eldest daughter is more familiar than hers to the eyes of the people, and rumor has frequently been busy with her name, because, being lovely and marriageable, and the second lady of the nation, she is regarded with public concern. With her private life, its prospects and its hopes, the public has no proper business; but it is no unwarranted enterprise for us this week to give her winsome face to lovers of art who scan our pages. It is not an extraordinary face; it is not mature; there is a sweet simplicity about it that is very girlish. Yet in the head and figure there is something graceful beyond her years. We should expect a woman to say of her that she is not a girl who assumes "airs," and a man of sentiment would know at a glance that she is one in whom to place unbounded confidence. Her brow denotes that she is not "notional"; the eye shows quiet, unobtrusive strength of character; the nose is that of a practical home-body; and the lip tells the story of an honest and very affectionate little lady.

It ought to be General Grant's greatest pride and pleasure to know that during all the years he has been before the public as a soldier and as President, he has received all the criticism that belongs to his immediate family. In former days the ladies of Presidents' households were made the subject of every strange joke that occurred to the vulgar mind. Every laugh that went up from crowds of corner-loafers on village streets floated the name of some chaste, modest lady of the Capital. General Grant may thank his lucky stars that much abuse has been heaped upon him, that in quieter and wittier times would have been changed to gossip about his family.

We take great pleasure in believing that the people of America respect and honor the name of General Grant's daughter as greatly as they admire her modest and charming face. It is a greater honor to be her father than to be President of the United States.

THE ENSLAVED BABIES.

THERE is a sad romance of reality in the case of the little Italian boy which for some time has been up in the District Court in this city before Commissioner Osborn. Nobody with the smallest amount of humanity left in him can read the accounts which the daily papers have published of this case, and not feel a treble thrill of pity, disgust and indignation, for they disclose under our very noses a system of cruelty and outrage that rivals the worst inventions of Sue and Dumas. The story of the Italian boy Joseph, a lad only twelve years old, which was slowly elicited by counsel, reveals the fact that there are human monsters living and thriving in the atmosphere of American liberty who steal from

their homes in Italy these tender little wretches and bring them here to gather money on our streets under the most disgusting coercion—the taskmaster receiving the earnings of the infantile serfs, and actually living in indolence and luxury off the revenue which is enforced by a terrorism the most brutal that the imagination can conceive.

It was only by repeated promises of protection that the lad's fear of his master's vengeance could be overcome, and during the whole of the trial, counsel, reporters, and the few humanitarians who had taken enough interest in the proceedings to be present, were conscious that the swarthy and villainous faces which glared from the crowd of spectators were those of a confederated banditti ready to use all their devilish craft to poison, kidnap, or steal the little victim whose revelations were imperiling their business.

The popular notion that these Savoyards travel our streets in tuncful warwardness because they have widowed mothers to support, and because being children of the sunny land of song, they can support them more effectually by twanging discordant harps and scraping stridulous fiddles, is thus in some danger of being properly exploded. And all Americans well grounded in the wholesome common sense of their generation will feel glad that such is the case; for it is manifestly better that the children of song should be raising onions or peddling papers, or doing any other humble service which mankind needs, and which is of vastly more benefit to mothers as well. So, too, the shame of this story is partly compensated in the possibility that it will make the itinerant minstrelsy unpopular. Once get it into the head of the thoughtless Samaritans that the money which they drop into the dirty little caps of these children goes into the dirtier pocket of some lazy villain who is out of sight, and the tuncful beggary of the curbstones will decline. Then, too, when we shall have got it into the heads of the infantile victims themselves that there are better industries awaiting them, and that they cannot be enslaved in this country, even by the dreadful taskmasters who imported them, we may be able to make the little wretches of some benefit to society.

The efforts of the men who have conducted Joseph's case is, we believe, the first well-directed endeavor in that direction.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

AMERICAN families may be divided, with reference to servants, into three classes, each presenting marked peculiarities—those who keep many servants, those who keep none, and those who keep at least one and not more than three. The burden of the complaint with which the ears of the public are laden comes from the latter class. The lady who can afford a cook, a laundress, a couple of chambermaids, or an indefinite multiple of this allowance, has relatively little trouble. She pays high wages, divides her work in definite departments, gives plenty of "privileges," and need not be too exacting to suit the average temper of those who serve her. The lady at the other end of the line, who, by herself, or with the aid of daughter or husbandless sister, manages to keep the household machinery in steady, if not in complete operation, is equally independent. She may lead a dog's life. In most cases she does. She is apt to be plain of feature, of worn expression, unlovely in form, pitifully lacking in grace or variety of toilet, narrowed in her enjoyments and sadly limited in her capacity to impart enjoyment to others. But at least she is not a servant of servants.

Between these two classes lies that large one made up of housewives who literally seek "help" in the performance of household duties, who share in them without shouldering them all, and supervise a part without surrendering all. Their plight is the source of multitudinous clamor and complaint. And justly so. In most of our cities, save the very largest, servants of all kinds are scarce, and good servants are wellnigh unattainable, and if by chance attainable, are hard to keep and harder to replace. In smaller cities and in country places, to lose a servant is a frequent, but always a serious domestic crisis. The simple fact is that there is in this country no longer any class which naturally fills the places of servants that is at all adequate to the demand, and, as in every other case of a relative monopoly, those who command the market furnish a poor article at a high price. It is this fact which makes the immediate situation so hopeless. What is the use of proposing to replace Irish girls with American girls, who won't take the places; with colored girls, of whom there are not one-fourth enough in number, and whose quality is but little more to be depended on; with Germans, who are constantly becoming relatively scarce; with Swedes, who are still less numerous; or with Chinamen, who practically do not exist? Nor is there any use in proposing to change the terms on which our present servants are employed, and to exact better service. In the first place, the demand is so great, that no considerable number of employers will long hang together in such an attempt, and, in the second place, the servants know better than any one else that they are masters—or mistresses—of the situation.

The way in which they use their power, moreover, is quite natural and in accordance

with the spirit of the times, and with their own circumstances. Our households furnish almost no employment to married women. Nearly all servant-girls want to marry, and the great majority can and do so sooner or later. Meantime, their future husbands are seeking and sought by them, and from this quite inevitable process arises the demand for an amount of freedom on the part of servants which unfits them for really good domestic service as known to our grandparents. The tendency is for servants to constantly ask defined duties to be done in defined hours, to the annoyance and discomfort of every traditionally trained housewife, who wants "a girl who will do what she is told to, when she is told to, and as she is told to." But that kind of girl is rapidly becoming a tormenting memory. The relief lies in multiplication of machinery and division of labor. Washing and ironing will gradually become a separate business; cooking, another; and sweeping and cleaning and chamber-work still another—the first two to be performed outside the house, the latter by professionals at stated hours. The day of domestic "help" is gone by as completely as the day of the spinning-wheel and the domestic loom.

WHAT WOULD CÆSAR SAY?

ALTHOUGH the discussion of what is called Caesarism in American politics has become as widespread as that of any other topic, no one has taken the trouble to wonder what Cæsar himself would say upon the subject, were the obtaining of his views practicable. The interviewer roams the land seeking, like the leonine incarnation of satanic ingenuity, whom he may devour. Every man of note, and many men who are not of note, have been already submitted to what may be called the Cæsarian operation of the Reporters, and have had their views literally torn from them. Lights and shades of individual opinion have been cast upon the question of the Third Term, until it has become kaleidoscopic under the many-colored blaze of wit and wisdom. Politicians, journalists, ministers, lawyers, merchants and others have been brought to their knees before the leveled Reportorial pencil, and made to answer the question, "Shall we have Cæsar for our king?" And yet no one has wondered what the great Roman warrior, now a melancholy shade somewhere in Hades, thinks of this ancient graft on the green tree of modern Republicanism.

And why should he not think something about it? Who so bold as to state in a sweeping way that the dead do not busy themselves with the affairs of the living? 'Tis true, as Aldrich says, "not one has slipped the napkin from his jaw to tell us;" but the supposition that the bustle of this world echoes faintly in the mysterious realms beyond it, is not a very violent one. Ever since the primal dawn there have been murmurous music, and anon incoherent babbling, sweeping in from eternity, and breaking in a surf of sound, upon the shores of Time. There have been those who have claimed that they could understand these spirit-voices, and a certain sect called Spiritualists proclaims, with many flourishes and alarums, that they have constructed telegraphic communication with the world of shadows. Let us know, then, what Cæsar thinks of General Grant.

Let Imagination go forth, Dante-like, to whatever Paradiso or Inferno contains the great captain; we find him still unchanged, although the noiseless waves of centuries have washed over the spot where he fell beneath Treason's daggers. But there is still a martial glory in his spiritual eyes, and an imperial splendor in his phantom-form. As he is told of the possible aspirations of the President of the United States a faint smile illumines his pale face, and a shrug of the shoulders—possibly learned from the Gauls with whom he battled—expresses his contempt. As we gaze upon him we are aware—whatever be the cause—that he seems a giant in size, and are almost inclined to smile, despite the awfulness of the scene, at the thought of how ridiculously his tunic would fit the soldier-President. He listens passively while we tell him of the agitation going on in the United States, and how philosophically Grant looks at the question through the curling smoke of his cigar. And as we limn the capabilities of the Appomattox hero, and dwell with pardonable verbosity upon his statesmanship and oratory, a strange, vacant expression flits over the classic features of Cæsar. Is he thinking of that golden past when he trod the earth with a conqueror's tread? Is he thinking how he swayed the masses with his fiery eloquence, and stood head and shoulders above the great men of his day? Or, perhaps, he is dwelling on his own chaste scholarship, and that multitude of intellectual gifts given him by the gods, and wondering whether the new Cæsar will disgrace the old.

After we have finished our statement we pause for Cæsar's reply. For a long time he is silent, and then with an impatient, angry gesture, he says: "Why do you come from earth to apprise me of a burlesque upon my fame. This is worse than the stab of Brutus;" and folding his imperial drapery about him, he fades from our sight, leaving us to return disconsolately to earth with Cæsar's terse opinion of General Grant.

SMALLEY ON JOURNALISM.

GEORGE W. SMALLEY, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, is one of the very few American journalists whose manner of writing is in itself entertaining, and who have opinions on journalism that are worth knowing. He is calm, conservative, honest, and studious, and if he were in this country he would be to American journalism what Sumner is to American statesmanship. He possesses the great faculty which men have been fond of ascribing to Mr. Carlyle, of being able to write without loading his pen with the oil and cobwebs of his study.

He has written to the Tribune a criticism of Mr. Watterson's views of British journalism; and though the article in the Anglo-American Times, on which he bases his criticism, was really a study from an article in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, he touches none of the American topics that we discussed, and confines himself to the newspapers of London. His concluding remarks are so pertinent that we cannot help quoting them; and we believe Mr. Watterson himself will indorse them. For we learn that once when Mr. Goddard asked him why he made the Courier-Journal what it is, he replied that that paper with its spice, and fun, and slang, is educating the South very much to the same extent as the Nation is educating the East.

Mr. Smalley says:

"Mr. Watterson thinks the Times dull and weak, and wonders at its influence—or would wonder did he not find the people who read it also dull and weak. There I must part company with him altogether. Undoubtedly, it lacks the sprightliness and vivacity, the personality, the positiveness, and many other spicy characteristics of the Courier-Journal. But then it is with newspapers as with almanacs. They are calculated for a particular meridian. It is quite possible the Times would not be adapted for that of Louisville, neither do I think the Courier-Journal would do for London; which is no more reproach to one paper than the other. Mr. Watterson's mistake is in applying the same standard to both. He feels very strongly that if his subscribers were served some morning with the Times they would miss what they find in the Courier-Journal. He concludes that the missing elements ought to be supplied. But if we may suppose that on the same morning the Times's readers were presented with the Courier-Journal, Mr. Watterson himself would not feel sure of their being any better satisfied than his own Kentuckians with the Times. There is no use in quarreling with facts. The Times is a great power, and instead of trying to prove it isn't, Mr. Watterson's acumen would have been more profitably employed in discovering why it is a great power. There must be great ability in the paper somewhere. It is easy to point out some of the causes which make the Times what it is. To give a complete account of them would carry me beyond the limits of a letter, and this is already so long that I prefer to postpone the partial statement, which is all I shall attempt."

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

THE most prominent general in Spain at present—general chaos.

"AJAX" writes to one of the papers complaining of the high rates charged for telegrams. A modern case of Ajax defying the lightning.

It is more than probable that if the war in Ashantee continues much longer there will not be a shanty left in that unhappy country.

THE children of the Oneida Community are said to be red-haired. This might be obviated by moving the settlement further away from Auburn.

INTemperance was what caused the suicide of the Italian Rocco, and not an affair of the heart. He sighed for his absent love, but it was his absinthe love that fixed him at last!

THE Police of Paris have meddled with a lot of Communistic medals, struck for the purpose of perpetuating the fame of that blood-stained party. They were sold at a shop on the north side of the river.

THE London people are alarmed at the appearance of spurious sovereigns, which are not easily detected. The most spurious sovereign that ever came to London was, in our opinion, the Shah of Persia.

WHOEVER first said that "the road to a man's heart is through his stomach," said what is a fact sometimes, for we see it stated that Prince Iturbide, who died recently in Paris, left his entire fortune to his cook.

THE Hon. John T. Bird, of New Jersey, has returned to the Treasury not only all his back-pay, but also the interest due on the money since he drew it. This Bird soars high above his fellows, and we wish there were more of the same feather.

"OLD PROBABILITIES" has gone to Europe, and the assistants he left in charge have got the storms and other apparatus all mixed up. They have been playing thunder all along the coast, and we wouldn't be surprised if they ground out an earthquake.

WHAT a neat piece of quiet sarcasm it was in the Herald saying, a few days ago, that "President Grant will not visit Washington before next week." In old times, the President lived in Washington, and visited other places when he went away from there.

THE thief out in California who wants to obtain a pleasure-trip to his New York home by the ingenious device of confessing to the Nathan murder, should be hanged anyhow on general principles, simply because he ridiculously claims relationship with Washington Irving.

It is Kansas now that points proudly to its lady of 107 Summers, as well as to its gentleman of 108, and says, "These are my jewels." We marvel much that no word is spoken about the ten miles before breakfast. However, we suppose the pedestrianism is to be taken for granted.

Why reporters insist on using words of three and four syllables, where those of one or two would answer better, we never could understand. Here is one of them, in a great daily, which calls a night watchman a "nocturnal custodian;" and, not con-

tent with that, this syllabist tells us that the man was "incarcerated," when the poor fellow was only put in jail. This gentle scribe should be seen to by his chief, or he will next be telling us about the "devouring element" when his neighbor's chimney takes fire.

The Pennsylvania crop of shellbacks will be very large this year, and the lads and lasses of Philadelphia are happy in consequence. This nut is both sweet and nutritious, and it detracts from no morsel of its sweetness that throughout the State of Pennsylvania they are invariably called "shell-boxes."

The French residents of New York have sent ex-President Thiers a splendid copy of the "Life of Washington," as a slight testimonial of their respect and esteem. We are afraid, however, that despite the magnificent life portrayed in its pages, the narrative will be so affecting that the French statesman will read it with Thiers in his eyes.

ARKANSAS must be a nice, lively place in which to abide. At a recent sitting of the United States District Court at Fort Smith, nineteen persons were convicted of murder. But then that isn't so much worse than New York City, after all. We have murderers that cost us singly as much as the Arkansas nineteen bunched.

We cannot vouch for this: The Secretary of War, immediately on the receipt of the result of the Modoc trial, went to the President with the news. "Mr. President, the Modocs—" "Hang the Modocs," said the President; "I am tired of hearing about them." "All right, sir," replied the Secretary; and so they will be hanged in October.

The Tichborne claimant is being roughly handled by the later witnesses, who swear he is the Wapping butcher. If this thing goes on he will become so mixed that he won't know who he is. He is already beside himself with vexation, and if he is the butcher and Sir Roger at the same time, then he is one beside himself, which would make him twins.

HEREAFTER let Cupid be painted with a revolver, instead of the traditional bow. Now-a-days the wind-up of a courtship is generally an assassination, and the suitor becomes a shooter. Then the maiden takes down her back-hair, and dies just as the police rush in; while the young man commits suicide in the entry. Love is getting to be a dangerous investment.

BUTLER'S mud-flinging tour through Massachusetts has spoiled the business for the circuses. Ten minutes after he comes to a town you can't find a spoon anywhere; they are all locked up. He talks like a buzz-saw, and cuts both ways at once. He still has his "back-pay," though, and he intends to keep it. He had better. It will be some recompense for the loss of the Governor's salary.

THE LILIPUTS OF LAPLAND.

THE Lapps are a dwarfish race. On an average, the men do not exceed five feet in height, many not even reaching four, and the women are considerably less. Most of them are, however, very robust, the circumference of their chest nearly equaling their height. Their complexion is more or less tawny and copper-colored, their hair dark, straight and lank, its dangling masses adding much to the wildness of their aspect. They have very little beard, and as its want is considered a beauty, the young men carefully eradicate the scanty supply given them by nature.

Their dark, piercing eyes are generally deep sunk in their heads, widely separated from each other, and, like those of the Tartars or Chinese, obliquely slit towards the temples. The cheek-bones are high, the mouth pinched close, but wide, the nose flat. The eyes are generally sore, either in consequence of the biting smoke of their huts, or of the refraction from the snow, so that a Lapp seldom attains a high age without becoming blind. Their countenances generally present a repulsive combination of stolidity, low cunning and obstinacy. Hoggue, who dwelt several months among them, and saw during this time at least eight hundred Lapps, found not twenty who were not decidedly ugly; and Dr. Clarke says that many of them, when more advanced in years, might, if exhibited in a menagerie of wild beasts, be considered as the long-lost link between man and ape.

Their legs are extremely thick and clumsy, but their hands are as small and finely shaped as those of any aristocrat. The reason for this is that from generation to generation they never perform any manual labor, and the very trifling work which they do is necessarily of the lightest kind. Their limbs are singularly flexible, easily falling into any posture, like all the Oriental nations, and their hands are constantly occupied in the beginning of conversation with filling a short tobacco-pipe, the head being turned over one shoulder to the person addressed. Such are the traits by which the whole tribe is distinguished from the other inhabitants of Europe, and in which they differ from the other natives of the land in which they live.

The Sammer garb of the men consists of the "poesik," a sort of tunic, generally made of a very coarse light-colored woolen cloth, reaching to the knees, and fastened round the waist with a belt or girdle. Their woolen caps are shaped precisely like a nightcap, or a Turkish fez, with a red tassel and red worsted band round the rim, for they are fond of lively hues strongly contrasted. Their boots or shoes are made of the raw skin of the reindeer, with the hair outwards, and have a peaked shape. Though these shoes are very thin, and the Lapp wears no stockings, yet he is never annoyed by the cold or by striking against stones, as he stuffs them with the broad leaves of the *Carex vesicaria*, or cyperus grass, which he cuts in Summer and dries. This he first combs and rubs in his hands, and then places it in such a manner that it covers not only his feet, but his legs also, and being thus guarded, he is quite secured against the intense cold. With this grass, which is an admirable non-conductor of heat, he likewise stuffs his gloves, in order to preserve his hands. But as it warms off the cold in Winter, so in Summer it keeps the feet

cool, and is consequently used at all seasons. The women's apparel differs very little from that of the other sex, but their girdles are more ornamented with rings and chains. In Winter, both sexes are so packed up in skins as to look more like bears than human beings, and, when squatting according to the fashion of their country, exhibit a mound of furs, with the head resting upon the top of it.

THE THEATRE OF BACCHUS.

IN Athens, there is no more interesting ruin, and probably none more ancient, than the remains of the Theatre of Bacchus, which lie exactly beneath the cave dedicated to that god. The building of this theatre was commenced about 500 B. C. This is the parent and mother of all theatres, a spot no less sacred than the house of Shakespeare. For here, *Æschylus*, the father of tragedy, brought forth his works, the delighted audience seeing for the first time more than one actor on the stage, and the players dressed in likeness of the character they presented. Among the young men who thrilled most with enjoyment at the spectacle—the drama was highly sensational, and the actors wore hideous masks—were doubtless *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, whose plays, as well as the later comedies of *Aristophanes*, were performed in this theatre.

Well and wisely did the Athenians choose the site. The semi-circular seats, carved without great labor in the rocky slope of the Acropolis, face southeast, and sheltered by the citadel, enjoy the warmest weather to be had in Athens. The ruins of twenty-six rows can be seen, but the rocky seats were probably terraced up to the Cave of Bacchus. The largest diameter of this theatre appears to have been about 250 feet, and is said to have been capable of holding 30,000 spectators.

Of the tiers of seats of which the ruins exist, twenty-five are precisely similar in construction; the stone seats, which had no backs to them, being about fourteen inches wide, with a space of eighteen inches behind them for the feet of the spectators seated on the next upper bench. The twenty-sixth and lowest tier, on a level with the semicircular pavement of the theatre, and divided from it by a fencing of white marble, was composed of sixty-six massive chairs sculptured in white marble, thirty-three on either side of the central seat, which was slightly projecting from the others, and more capacious. The back of this chief seat is ornamented with two sculptured fauns, and between them a bunch of grapes. These may have been the seats of the magistrates of ancient Greece; but from the names graven upon them, probably in Roman times, it appears that they were then occupied by dignitaries, most of whom were priests. The stern Democracy which ruled in the uniform construction of this theatre was broken through by the Roman Emperor *Adrian*, who has written his name so legibly upon Athens. Several of these marble chairs were in his day removed and replaced with steps conducting to a raised seat, beside which are blocks of marble bearing this Emperor's name.

The nearly semicircular space in front of the proscenium, bounded by the fencing of white marble, having a radius of about seventy feet, is paved with colored marbles. Of the stage and of the front of the buildings little is left but the foundations, which were laid with blocks of concrete hard as the rock of the Acropolis itself. But however these vanished portions of the building may have been constructed, it is quite certain that they were not so designed as wholly to shut out the spectators from the view these ruined seats now command, the best *entr'acte* the manager of this Theatre of Bacchus could present. And if the chorus did now and then wax dull, there were the mountains and the sea, and all the life of Athens spread before the eyes of the wearied spectator. In those days the stage was an institution of the State, which made contributions towards its support; and among the demands of the Government upon the richest citizens was the requirement to furnish choruses for the theatres. The honored bearer of this burden, called "Choregus," found the members of the chorus usually from among his tribe, and from his purse was defrayed the cost of their masks, and dresses, and training; his reward being generally a tripod, on which were inscribed his name and the success of his chorus. These tripods, prized by the Athenians much as "challenge shields" are with our volunteers, were often permanently placed on pillars or monuments near to the theatre in which they were won, in order to exhibit to all the citizens and to commemorate the successes of the Choregus and his troop.

GOVERNMENT IN TURKEY.

THE sultan, like a man embarrassed with such an abuse of power, shifts the cares of government on to the shoulders of the grand vizier.

The grand vizier is the lieutenant of the sultan. He is the commander-in-chief of the army, he manages the finances, and fills up all civil and military appointments.

But if the power of the grand vizier is limitless, his responsibility and the dangers he incurs are equally great. He must answer for all the State misfortunes and for all public calamities. The sword is always suspended over his head. Surrounded by snares, exposed to all the tricks of hatred and envy, he pays with the price of his life the misfortune of having displeased either the populace or the highest officials. The grand vizier has to govern the country, with the assistance of a state council (*divan*) composed of the principal ministers. The *reis effendi* is the high chancellor of the empire, and the head of the corporation of the *kodja*, or men of letters. This corporation, which has managed to acquire a great political influence, contains at the present time some of the best-informed men of the nation. The duty of watching over the preservation of the fundamental laws of the empire is intrusted to the *ulema*, or corporation of theological and legal doctors.

These laws are very short: they consist only of

the Koran, and of the commentaries on the Koran, drawn up by ancient pundits. The members of this corporation bear the title of *ulema*, or *effendis*. They unite judicial to religious authority; they are at the same time the interpreters of religion and the judges in all civil and criminal matters.

The *mufiti* is the supreme head of the *ulema*. He is the head of the church. He represents the sultan's vicar, as caliph or successor to Mohammed.

The sultan can promulgate no law, make no declaration of war, institute no tax, without having obtained a *fetva*, or approval from the mufiti.

The mufiti presents every year to the sultan the candidates for the leading judicial magistracies; these candidates are chosen from the members of the *ulema*. The post of mufiti would be an excellent counterpoise to the authority of the sultan, if the latter had it not in his power to dismiss the mufiti, to send him into exile, and even condemn him to death.

The foregoing political and judicial organization seems at first sight very reasonable, and would appear to yield some guarantee to the subjects of the Porte. Dishonesty unfortunately prevents the regular progress of these administrative institutions. The venality of officials, their greed and their immorality, are such, that not the smallest post, not the slightest service, can be obtained without making them a present. Places, the judges' decisions, and the witnesses' evidence are all bought. False witnesses abound in no country in the shameless way they do in the Turkish Empire, where the consequences of their perjury are the more frightful, since the *cadis*' decision is without appeal. Justice is meted out in Turkey as it was meted out three hundred years ago among the nomadic tribes of the Osmanlis. After a few contradictory pieces of evidence, after a few oaths made on both sides, without any preliminary inquiry, and without any advocates, the *cadis* or simply the naib, gives a decision, based upon some passage of the Koran. The penal code of this ignorant and hasty tribunal merely consists in fining the wealthy, inflicting the bastinado on the common people, and in hanging criminals right out of hand.

Yet Turkey possesses a kind of system of popular representation. The inhabitants of Constantinople elect *ayams*, real delegates of the people, whose business it is to watch over the safety and the property of individuals, the tranquillity of the town, to oppose the unjust demands of the pashas, the excesses of the military, and the unfair collection of taxes. These duties are gratuitously performed by the most trustworthy men among the inhabitants. The *ayams* undertake all appeals to the pasha, where there exist any just grounds of complaint, and, if he does not satisfy them, they carry their appeal to the sultan.

Every trade and handicraft in Turkey possesses a kind of guild or corporation which undertakes to defend the rights of the association and of its individual members. The humblest artisan is protected in all legal matters by this corporation. It is unnecessary to say that the corporation enforces its rights before the judges by pecuniary means.

METAMORPHIC ROCKS.

ROCKS composing the earth's crust have not by any means remained in their original state. They have frequently undergone changes which have altogether modified their properties, physical and chemical. When they present these characteristics, we term them *Metamorphic Rocks*. The phenomena which belong to this question are at once important and new, and have lately much attracted the attention of geologists. We shall best enlighten our readers on the metamorphism of rocks, if we treat of it under the heads of *special* and *general* metamorphism.

When a mass of eruptive rock penetrates the terrestrial crust, it subjects the rocks through which it passes to a special metamorphism—to the effects of heat produced by contact. Such effects may almost always be observed near the margin of masses of eruptive rock, and they are attributable either to the communicated heat of the eruptive rock itself, or to the disengagement of gases, of steam, or of mineral and thermal waters, which have accompanied its eruption. The effects vary not only with the rock ejected, but even with the nature of rock surrounding it.

In the case of volcanic lava ejected in a molten state, for instance, the modifications it effects on the surrounding rock are very characteristic. Its structure becomes prismatic, full of cracks, often cellular and scoriaceous. Wood and other combustibles touched by the lava are consumed or partially carbonized. Limestone assumes a granular and crystalline texture. Siliceous rocks are transformed, not only into quartz like glass, but they also combine with various bases, and yield vitreous and cellular silicates. It is nearly the same with argillaceous rocks, which adhere together, and frequently take the color of red bricks.

The surrounding rock is frequently impregnated with specular iron ore, and penetrated with hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, and by divers salts formed from these acids.

At a certain distance from the place of contact with the lava, the action of water aided by heat produces silica, carbonate of lime, aragonite, zeolite and various other minerals.

From immediate contact with the lava, then, the metamorphic rocks denote the action of a very strong heat. They bear evident traces of calcination, of softening, and even of fusion. When they present themselves as hydrosilicates and carbonates, the silica and associated minerals are most frequently at some distance from the points of contact; and the formation of these minerals is probably due to the combination of water and heat, although this last ceases to be the principal agent. The hydrated volcanic rocks, such as the basalts and trappean rocks in general, continue to produce effects of metamorphism, in which heat operates, although its influence is inconsiderable, water being much the more powerful agent. The metamorphism which is observable in the structure and mineralogical composition of neighboring rocks is

as follows: the structure of separation becomes fragmentary, columnar, or many-sided, or even prismatic. It becomes especially prismatic in combustibles, in sandstones, in argillaceous formations, in felspathic rocks, and even in limestones. Prisms are formed perpendicular to the surface of contact, their length sometimes exceeding six feet. Most commonly they still contain water or volatile matter. These characters may be observed at the junction of the basalt which has been ejected upon the argillaceous strata near Clermont, in Auvergne, at Polignac, and in the neighborhood of Le Puy-en-Velay.

If the vein of basalt or trap has traversed a bed of coal or of lignite, we find the combustible strongly metamorphosed at the point of contact. Sometimes it becomes cellular, and is changed into coke. This is especially the case in the coal-basin of Brassac. But more frequently, the coal has lost all or part of its bituminous and volatile matter; it has been metamorphosed into anthracite; as an example we may quote the lignite of Mont Meisner.

Again, in some exceptional cases, the combustible may even be changed into graphite near to its junction with trap. This is observed at the coal-mine of New Cumnock, in Ayrshire.

When near its junction with a *trappean* rock, a combustible has been metamorphosed into coke or anthracite; it is also frequently impregnated by hydrated oxide of iron, by clay, foliated carbonate of lime, iron pyrites, and by various mineral veins. It may happen that the combustible has been reduced to a pulverulent state, in which case it is unfit for use. This is the case with a coal-mine at Newcastle, which lies within thirty yards of the vein of trap.

When basalt and trap have been ejected through limestone rock, the latter becomes more or less altered. Near the points of contact, the metamorphism which they have undergone is revealed by the change of color and aspect, which is exhibited all around the vein, often also by the development of a crystalline structure. Limestone becomes granulated and saccharoid—it is changed into marble. The most remarkable instance of this metamorphism is the Carrara marble, which is an iron-fossiliferous limestone of the Oolite series, which has been altered and the fossils destroyed; so that the marble of these celebrated quarries, once supposed to have been formed before the creation of organic beings, is now shown to be altered limestone, and the underlying crystalline schists are secondary sandstones and shales modified by plutonic action.

The action of basalt upon limestone is observable at Villeneuve-de-Berg. But still more in the neighborhood of Belfast, where we may see the chalk changed into saccharoid limestone near to its contact with the trap. Sometimes the metamorphism extends many feet from the point of contact; nay, more than that, some zeolites and other minerals seem to be developed in the crystallized limestone.

When sandstone is found in contact with trappean rock, it presents unequivocal traces of metamorphism; it loses its reddish color and becomes white, gray, green or black; parallel veins may be detected which give it a jaspéous structure, it separates into prisms perpendicular to the walls of the injected veins, where it assumes a brilliant and vitreous lustre. Sometimes it is even also found penetrated by zeolites, a family of minerals which melt before the blow-pipe with considerable ebullition. The mottled sandstones of Germany, which are traversed by veins of basalt, often exhibit metamorphism, particularly at Wildenstein, in Wurtemberg.

Argillaceous rocks, like all others, are subject to metamorphism when they come in contact with eruptive trappean rocks. In these circumstances they change color, and assume a varied and prismatic structure; at the same time their hardness increases, and they become lithoidal or stony in structure. They may also become cellular—form zeolites in their cavities with foliated carbonate of lime, as well as minerals which commonly occur in amygdaloid. Sometimes even the fissures are coated by the metallic minerals and the other minerals which accompany them in their metallic beds. Generally they lose a part of their water and of their carbonic acid. In other circumstances they combine with oxide of iron and the alkalis. This has been asserted, for example, at Essey, in the department of the Meurthe, where a very argillaceous sandstone is found, charged with jasper porcelaine, near to the junction of the rock with a vein of basalt.

Hitherto we have spoken only of the metamorphism, the result of volcanic action. A few words will suffice to acquaint the reader with the metamorphism exercised by the porphyries and granites. By contact with granite, we find coal changed into anthracite or graphite. It is important to note, however, that coal has never been metamorphosed into coke. As to limestone, it is sometimes, as we have seen, transformed into marble; we even find in its interior divers minerals, notably silicates with a calcareous base, such as garnets, pyroxene, hornblende, etc. The sandstones and clay-slates have alike been altered.

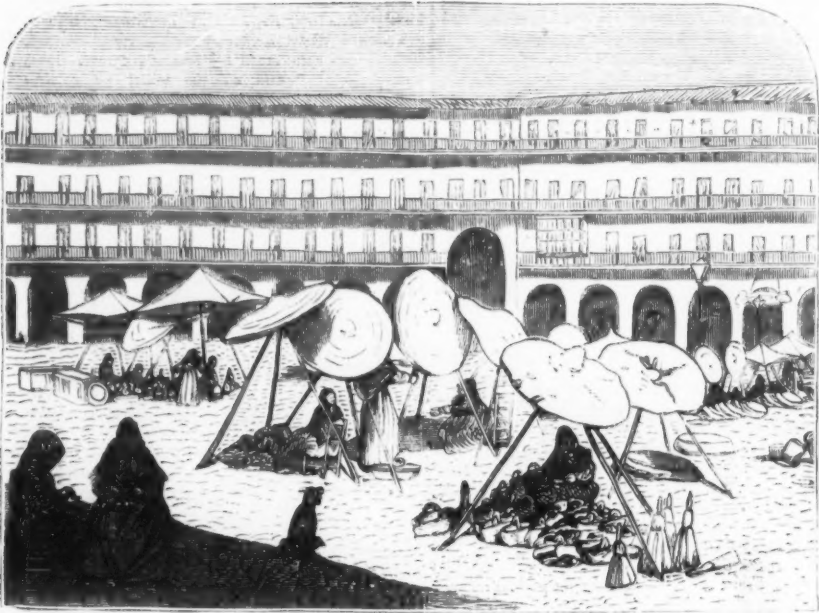
The surrounding deposit and the eruptive rock are both frequently impregnated with quartz, carbonate of lime, sulphate of baryta, fluorides, and, in a word, with the whole tribe of metalliferous minerals; which present themselves besides with the characteristics which are common to them in the veins.

TWO.

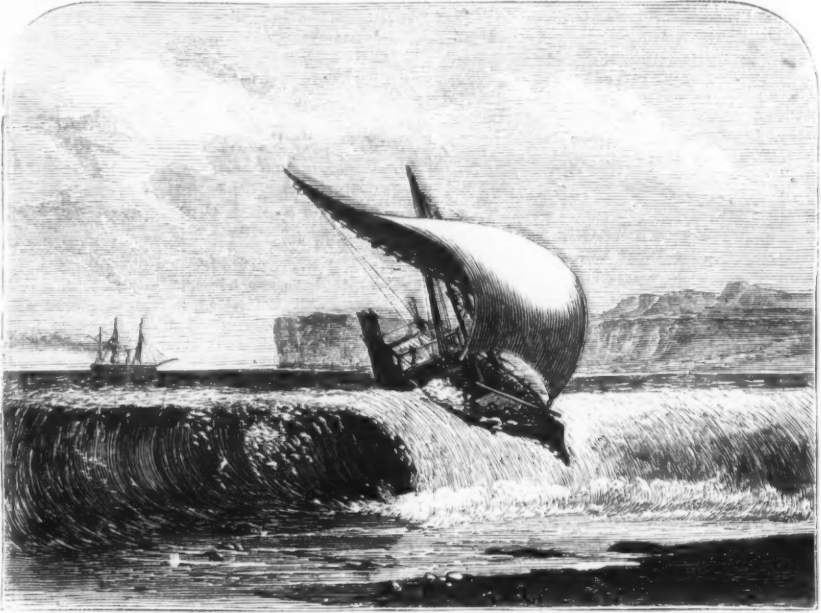
ONE sang all day more merry than a lark
That mounts the morning skies;
One silent sat, and lifted patient eyes.
One heart kept happy time from dawn to dark
With all glad things that be;
One listless, throbbled alone to memory.

To one, all blessed knowledge was revealed,
And love made clear the way;
One thirsted, asked, and was denied away.
To one, a glad, brief day, that slumber sealed
And kept inviolate;
To one, long years, that only knew to wait.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 7.



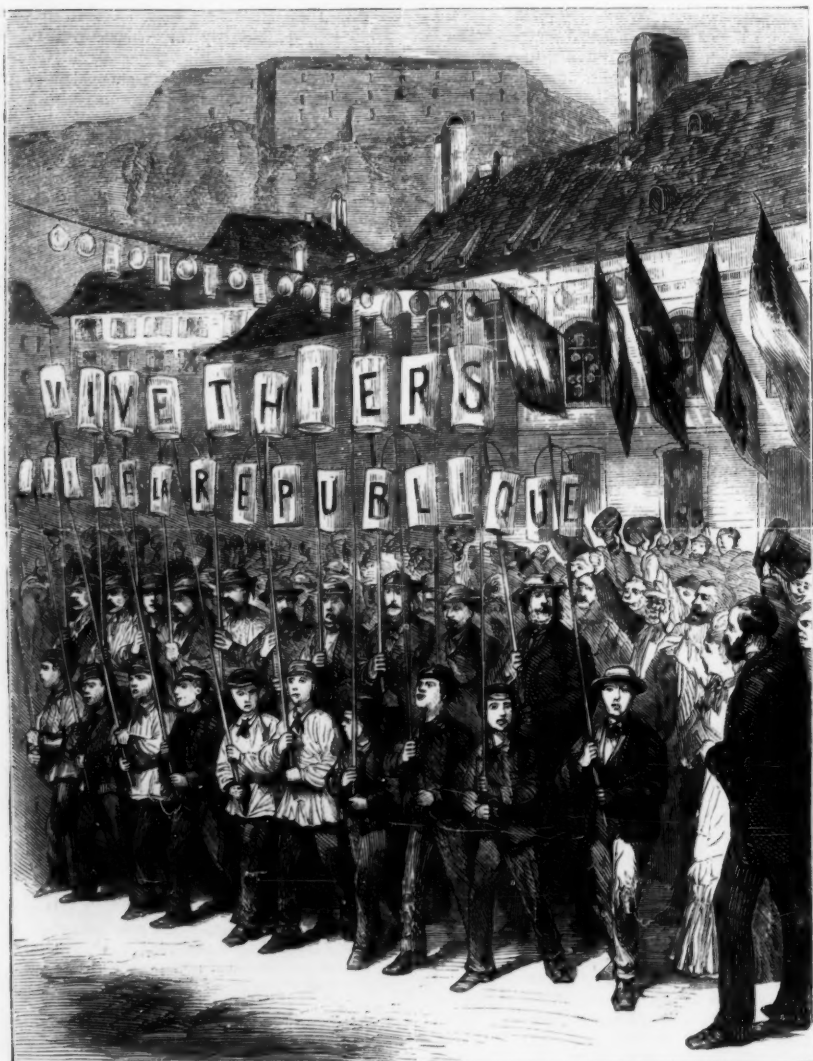
SPAIN.—DURING THE CIVIL WAR.—THE MARKET-PLACE, CORDOVA.



THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—THE DESTRUCTION OF A DHOW.



ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA AT COWES—GOING TO THE BALL ON BOARD H. M. S. "ARIADNE."



THE EVACUATION OF FRENCH TERRITORY.—REJOICINGS AT BELFORT ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE GERMAN TROOPS.



ENGLAND.—AUTUMN CAMPAIGN ON DARTMOOR—ATTACK ON SHEEPSTER—FORTY-TWO HIGHLANDERS TAKING YELLOW MEAD FARM BY ASSAULT.



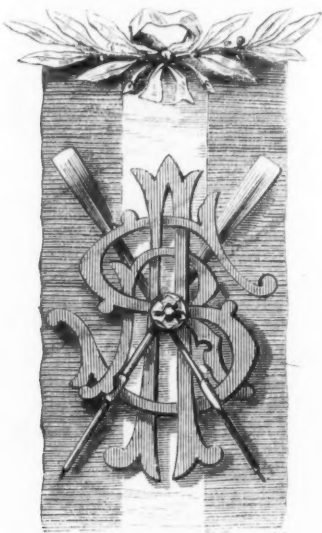
GOBLET FOR THE FOUR-OARED RACE.

PRIZES FOR THE SARATOGA RACES.

THE prizes for the amateur regatta of the Saratoga Rowing Association, which occurs on the 11th and 12th of September next, were made by Tiffany & Co., of New York City.

The Challenge Cup is for the four-oared shell race, and is made of sterling silver. It weighs 160 ounces, and is mounted on an ebony pedestal, which bears six silver shields. The entire height is 30 1/2 inches. The winners in this race will each receive a silver goblet, 8 1/2 inches high, weighing 13 1/2 ounces.

For the single-scutt race is a Challenge Cup in the form of a sterling silver punch-bowl, lined with gold. It is 9 1/2 inches high, and weighs 55 ounces.



DIAMOND BADGE FOR SINGLE-SCUTT RACE.

In addition to this, there is a badge with gold monogram, crossed oars wrought together, with a valuable diamond in the centre, and a gold wreath at top.

For the four-oared race there are two silver goblets, 9 1/2 inches high, and weighing 21 ounces. The prizes for the double-scutt race are two gold badges, in the form of a shell, with crossed oars and the monogram S. R. A. in the centre, and a rudder-ropes at the top.

There is no reason why this coming contest on the lake should not be the initiative of annually recurring struggles there for supremacy at the oar. In all America there is no stretch of water presenting greater advantages for boat-racing than are possessed by this beautiful lake. Set, as it is, like a glittering jewel between romantic hills, it is peerless in its quiet loveliness, and we can well imagine the added attractiveness of the scene when it shall

be flushed with the excitement of the race—the crowds upon the banks, the slender boats hissing through the water, the brown backs of the rowers as they bend to their work and shower the diamond-drops from their flashing oars.

It is also the place to hold rowing regattas because it is there, more than any other spot, that the proper audience can be obtained. All the season, and as late as the time when Autumn, brush in hand, wanders among the woods, the hotels are crowded with health and pleasure-seekers. If the races took place upon the lake two purposes would be served; there would be a dash of aquatic amusement at Saratoga, in addition to the medicinal springs. Health and Sport would shake hands. But outside of all other considerations, Saratoga Lake is the scene *per se* for a grand regatta. It is not a curving river, with awkward currents, and there will be no trouble in getting a straight-away course.

MAJOR J. M. BUNDY.

THE editor of the New York Evening Mail, or "the Major," as he is familiarly called by his associates, is a native of Nashua, N. H. He removed, with his father's family, to Beloit, Wis., when about three years of age. After graduating from the well-known college at that city, he determined to follow the legal profession, and for that purpose he entered the Law School of Harvard College, having for a companion the Hon. Matt. Carpenter.

In 1860-61 he made an extensive tour of Colorado, and upon his return to Wisconsin he threw aside Blackstone and Coke and sharpened his pen for editorial work. His first experience was upon the *Daily Wisconsin*, published at Milwaukee. Journalism held out to his ambitious mind greater attractions than the law, and his success in his first position was such, that while upon the *Wisconsin* he was offered a more important one on the *Sentinel*, of the same place. There his promotion was as rapid as it was deserved, and in a brief time he seated himself in the chair of the editor-in-chief.

While carving for himself an enviable name in Western journalism, he entered the army as Major, and was appointed on the Staff of General Pope. His intelligence and knowledge of law, which was not supposed to have been lost during his journalistic service, led to his appointment as



CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE SINGLE-SCUTT RACE.

and a member of the Executive Committee of the Reform Association.

He has been frequently offered political offices, but he has in every instance declined, believing that he could render the city and State greater service through the medium of the Press.

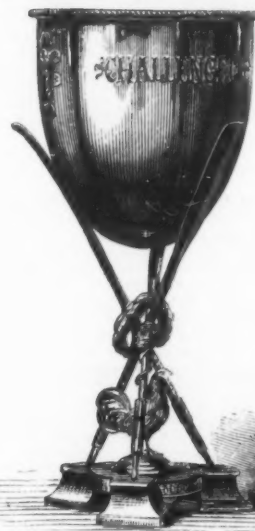
THE LATE MAJOR DANIEL GANO.

MAJOR DANIEL GANO, whose late death has caused Cincinnati to mourn a valued citizen, and Ohio her earliest son, was born on the 29th of May, 1794, at Columbus, O., when it was but a cluster of log huts. It was just six years after the

white settlement began at Marietta, and it has been said that he was the original "Buckeye," the first white child born in the State of Ohio. His father was General John Stites Gano, who came from New Jersey.

In 1803, when the Courts of the State were organized, he became Clerk. The son grew up in the office, and succeeded his father in its duties. In 1838 he removed to Cincinnati, where he took the Clerkship of the First Superior Court. At that time his figure and bearing stamped him as one of the most perfect gentlemen of the day. He was always neatly and elegantly attired, and wore ruffles upon his bosom, and his hair *en queue*. He maintained this style to his death.

In 1818 Major Gano married Miss Rebecca Lawrence, whom he survived but a few months. In private character he was unostentatious and liberal to a fault. So bountifully did he scatter his substance upon the needy, that he became reduced in circumstances himself, the cloud of financial embarrassment darkening his last days. He was an accomplished botanist, and a great lover and breeder of blooded horses. He was also a patron of the fine arts, and was the first to extend a welcome and a helping hand to a poor English sculptor, named Robert Airy. After



GOBLET FOR THE FOUR-OARED RACE.

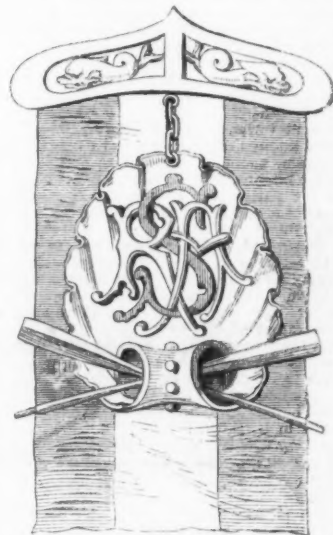
tients are expected where the geni of Accident and Disease wield their sceptres.

Scenes, however, the most opposite possible, are of daily occurrence, during the warm weather in particular, in all our noble institutions of shelter.

To the ladies of wealth, refinement and sympathy belongs the credit of transforming our hospitals into flower-gardens—fragrant, and doubly cheery from the sentiment of the associations.

The organization of Fruit and Flower Missions is a social, voluntary beneficence that is happily extending throughout the cities where public or private generosity has erected stately edifices for the amelioration of suffering mankind.

In New York City there are several district associations. The members cultivate, gather or purchase fruit and flowers, and, taking them to the hospitals and asylums, bestow in person upon the in-



GOLD BADGE FOR DOUBLE-SCUTT RACE.

mates the delicacies that command a general appreciation.

Bellevue Hospital, being the largest in the city, receives the greatest amount of attention. A year or so ago a society was formed at Cooper Institute, of which Mrs. Lane was President and Mrs. Admiral Farragut a most earnest member. More recently the ladies of Dr. Bellows's church engaged in the same benevolent work, meeting in the parish schoolroom on Tuesday and Saturday mornings to receive such quantities of flowers and fruit as might be contributed. Bouquets ready made are not solicited, simply cut flowers, which are forthwith spread out on a couple of tables, and tied up by the deft hands of the amateur "flower-girls" into bouquets of convenient sizes. Not a blossom, not a bud, not even a reasonably fresh leaf is wasted, and for half a dozen hours the work of assorting and arranging and tying goes bravely on, varied



CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE FOUR-OARED SHELL RACE.

THE PRIZES FOR THE RACES ON SARATOGA LAKE, SEPTEMBER 11TH AND 12TH, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SARATOGA ROWING ASSOCIATION.—MANUFACTURED BY TIFFANY & CO.

Judge Advocate of the Department of Missouri. In company with Colonel Sprague, he was subsequently sent as a Commissioner to offer terms of peace to General Kirby Smith, then commanding all the rebel forces west of the Mississippi.

He resigned his military position to assume that of literary, musical and dramatic critic of the New York Evening Post. After a service of three years, or in 1868, he took editorial charge of the *Evening Mail*. His literary "hits" were made upon the public by means of magazine articles, published in *Putnam's Monthly* in 1870, when edited by Mr. Godwin. One, entitled "The American Doctrine of Neutrality," received very general praise. In 1871 he delivered the Commencement Address before the Alumni of Beloit College, and in the next year followed

having lived a useful and honorable life, he died at a green old age, and has his greatest monument in the sorrow and regret with which the announcement of his death is received by all who knew him.

THE FLOWER AND FRUIT MISSION.

SCENE IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

A CROWDED hospital is the last of all places to visit with the expectation of seeing pleasing sights, unless the visitor possesses a surgical turn of mind. A person is very apt to step lightly, speak low, and maintain a strict gravity upon entering the temporary home of suffering men and women. Darkness of apartments and despondency of pa-



MAJOR J. M. BUNDY, EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "EVENING MAIL"



THE LATE MAJOR DANIEL GANO, THE ORIGINAL "BUCKEYE," THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN OHIO.

only by an occasional excitement in the shape of the arrival of a footman with a big basket of fresh contributions. In this way five or six hundred little posies are made up in the course of the season. The number has reached 1,000, but 1,200 per week would be about the average. The afternoon is occupied with the work of distribution. Nearly always the patients prefer the bouquets, if they are offered their choice of flowers or fruit, which in itself is a touching testimony to the reality of the good effected.

In addition to these societies, Warden Brennan reports having received many floral attentions from the Local Visiting Committee, of which Mrs. Hobson is President; the ladies attached to Dr. Hepworth's Church; the members of the Flower Charity; and the gentlemen of the New York Stock Exchange, the latter having sent during the Summer a large number of baskets and pyramids of flowers to Bellevue and Centre Street Hospitals.

Since Mr. Brennan became Warden of Bellevue he has done much, besides attending to the routine work of his trying position, for his helpless charges. Every few evenings during pleasant weather a band of music has been stationed in the yard, where the patients could hear the strains, and such a concert given as robbed pain of half its severity.

Our illustration of a scene in one of the wards at Bellevue will, we trust, serve as a hint to our warm-hearted ladies who are not acquainted with this department of humane work, while it will afford an opportunity of commending the spirit and Christianity of the enterprise.

TRUST HER NOT.

BY
JUAN LEWIS,
Author of "The Sorcerer's Victim," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—WELL MATCHED.

IN Fifth Avenue, near Central Park, was an elegant mansion, not materially differing externally from many others of a similar class in the same locality.

I say was, not because the building has been destroyed or removed—for it is still standing—but because the events to be herein narrated as in part transpiring beneath its roof have left so deep and dark an impress on all the neighborhood, that for some years since their occurrence the dwelling has been slowly tending to that decay which must eventually result in its final conversion to other uses.

Hence, I say, was.

This mansion was the residence, then, of one Major-General Horace Inkerman, a retired officer of the British Army, alike distinguished for eminent service in various fields, for hereditary wealth, an ancient family name, for his large heart, generous disposition, bachelor proclivities, and for a fiery, irascible temper.

On the parlor-floor of this dwelling, one pleasant afternoon in Summer, a strange scene was presented.

A fair-haired, well-preserved woman of thirty-five or forty, of ample figure, fashionably attired, brilliant in all the charms that diamonds and silks and powder and lace can lend to nature, stood, recoiling and pallid, before a thin, wiry, dark-brown man of sinister bearing.

That the man had made his way unannounced to the woman's presence was evident in the bold gaze of sneering triumph and vindictive malice with which he confronted her, no less than by the jeweled arm she had outstretched to keep him back; while her attitude and features mutely acknowledged the momentary fear inspired by his presence there.

At her feet, where it had fallen, lay a gold and mosaic card-case, its contents scattered over the carpet.

In the silence that succeeded his intrusion, the man's attention was diverted to the cards, and with his glance still holding, as it were, the woman motionless, he picked one of them up.

He read the name aloud, but in a low tone, as if not caring to be heard beyond the apartment, and with many expressive nods.

"So, ho, my lady!" he muttered, approvingly, or, it may be, in derision—"So, ho! This is well! Mrs. Inkerman Bristowe, already! To drop the last name, now, it seems to me would be pleasant and easy! Ah! sets the wind in that direction?"

He pointed to a sudden rush of color, visible on brow and cheek—in spite of the perfect finish of her fashionable toilet—as the lady imperiously raised her head at his coarse tone and aggressive demeanor.

"Wait one moment, if you please, Mrs.——" he referred to the card—"Mrs. Inkerman Bristowe!" as the lady seemed about to speak with indignant emphasis. "Wait! You know me, I see! That is also well. Before you open those scornful lips in anger, hear me. First, last and always, the knowledge of my identity you must keep to yourself. How I came here in this house, whence I came, and whither I go, is of no possible account to you, in the relations we shall in future sustain to each other. But my safety, my freedom, is. Touch that, and this fine cage——" he took off his hat, hitherto neglected, and bowed mockingly to the splendor about him—"this fine cage, so far as your residence in it is concerned, might as well have been made of those flimsy pasteboards—a house of cards! I know you, you see, whatever you may think, and shall not fall alone! With this much advisory, I am ready to listen. I have twenty minutes at your disposal. There is no one in the house but ourselves; I have correctly informed myself of this fact; those of your servants not absent are gossiping in the back yard. Go on, madame—subject to advisement and control—go on, but pray be seated."

He threw himself into a large easy-chair as he spoke, and stretched his limbs with insolent luxury.

To the words he had spoken no more was needed to rouse all the woman's inherent force of character, which now asserted itself over whatever fears and admonitions she had previously felt. With an imperious sweep of scorn and disdain she resolutely faced the intruder.

"I will neither sit nor speak in your presence, sir, so long as you display that attitude of voice and manner!" she declared, firmly, turning from him and going towards the window with resolute step. "If, as you assure me, there is no one in the house, there are plenty in the street. I appeal to them for protection against a stealthy and threatening intrusion in the privacy of my own house, and dare the worst you can utter, Jules Bonard! My word and position against yours!"

"Hold, Harriet! beware!" cried the man, quailing at this demonstration and springing up. "Hold! I was rough, I know, but meant nothing! Pause! think—think what you lose—or, by heaven——"

He glanced sharply at him, and thrust his hand savagely into his breast in a manner highly suggestive of a desperate man at bay.

If the hand grasped a weapon, the next moment it relinquished it, for it was withdrawn, as the

woman paused, took a step backward, and finally confronted him.

"If I hesitate to summon assistance," she said, slowly, "it is not through fear of anything you could say. It is because I see that I have already achieved my purpose. I have startled you into a timely recognition of my present position and power. And you may well ask yourself, if you have not already done so, what the unsupported word of an outcast would weigh against that of a lady in my position? My respectability is fully assured, Jules Bonard."

"Not that name—not that name!" he interrupted, hastily. "Wishton—William Wishton!—and—and—speak lower!"

"And so," she cried, utterly unmindful of his caution, "it is Mr. Jules Bonard who skulks and threatens in the same breath!"

"For the sake of——" he began, in a suppressed tone, glancing fearfully about him.

"For the sake of my present and my future," she declared, interrupting him: "I will hear no word from you of the past! The past is irrevocable. Say what has brought you here—if you can do so quickly—and take your departure."

"In one word, then—poverty! I have made heretofore a beggarly living by teaching languages since my arrival in this city; but even that miserable resource has failed me at last. I am in debt and starving. I come to you for money to relieve my necessities."

"I have none to give you for any such purpose," she responded, indifferently.

"No money? Why, that bracelet on your arm cost more, I am certain, than all I have had since I came here! No money?"

"Not for the purpose mentioned, I repeat. Look here, Jules—Wishton, or whatever your alias may be—you have assumed, unthinkingly I believe, and impudently and falsely I know, that our interests are one; that something or somebody has somehow bound us irrevocably together. Nothing is further from the truth—as a little exercise of the sense you once had will most certainly convince you. There is and can be nothing in common between the lady of fashion, whose respectability has long been established and secured as the head of General Inkerman's household, and the criminal, seeking under cover of a fictitious name to better his ruined fortunes!"

"But——"

"Do not interrupt!" She waved her jeweled arm impatiently. "Knowing that there is no link to bind us now, if ever one existed—which I deny—I have but one wish in connection with you. It is, that I may never look upon your face again! To help in securing this result, I have money—a small amount only—to aid you in putting the ocean between us, and to aid in sustaining you a short time elsewhere. But it is conditioned on your never returning."

"How much?" questioned the man, greatly subdued.

"But little, though enough, with economy, for the purpose—three hundred dollars."

"A miserable pittance! And you left rolling in wealth!" he declared, bitterly.

"If that were true, and it is not—since the wealth by which I appear surrounded is not mine—it would be no concern of yours. Pittance or fortune, such as it is, take it or leave it—at your option. Your decision will be final—let it be speedy. Time presses."

"I shall take it, of course; but it is not enough. You ought to give me the bracelet on your arm, or other similar trash, if you have no ready money."

"For what? To enable you to give coloring to any future story you might choose to circulate of your connection with me? Oh, no! Stay! since you ask it, I have a *solitaire* ring, in an antique setting—a stone of the purest water, and valuable; how valuable I do not know. That I will also give you. I never wear it, and shall not miss it. No one knows I have it."

She went to an inlaid cabinet as she spoke, and, unlocking a secret drawer, produced both money and the jewel from a small purse therein.

The eyes of Mr. Jules Bonard, otherwise Wishton, glistened. Could he have seen the glance the lady flashed upon the jewel as she bent over it, it is just possible he would have hesitated before taking it away.

"You understand the condition?" she asked.

"Never to return here—I promise!"

"I require something more."

"How?"

"Your signature to what I shall write."

Without waiting for his assent or dissent, by the aid of an ivory knob in the cabinet, she revolved a miniature writing-desk into place, on which were writing-materials; and seating herself, wrote rapidly and legibly eight or ten lines.

"That is what you are to sign," she said, handing it to him.

He read it—flushed red—turned pale again—and started back.

"I will never sign it," he declared. "Why, it is as much as confesses that I was the sole perpetrator of——"

"It does!" she replied, coolly, interrupting him.

"And I intended it should state that fact clearly and concisely."

"Woman! what game are you at now?" he demanded, hoarsely, while great drops like melted lead broke thick on his forehead.

"I merely seek to protect myself against your desperate moods, and the possibility of your return," she replied, calmly, as she adjusted her elegant dress. "There is the paper—confession, if you choose to call it so—and there is the money and jewel. Sign the one and take the others, or leave them! I repeat, time presses!"

He looked at her darkly, as if half calculating the chances of escape and flight should he strike her down, but he hesitated only a moment as to his decision.

"You leave me no middle course," he said, sulkily; "and I accept the ultimatum."

He approached the desk, signed rapidly, and swept the money and jewel into his pocket.

"One more question," he said, "and I take my leave. Where is the child?"

Despite her self-command the woman started.

"Beyond your reach!" she declared, decisively; "or you would seek in vain for an answer."

He changed color again.

"It is dead, then?"

From the same drawer whence she had taken the money she took out a column of news items cut from some morning paper, dated a month or two back. Pointing to one of the paragraphs, she bid him read it for answer.

He did so in a low tone, as follows:

"Last night, at the 7:30 train was hauling out of the Twenty-sixth Street Depot, an unknown woman with a child in her arms attempted to get on board one of the cars from the front platform, and, missing her footing in the darkness, fell on the track. Both trucks passed over her. The bodies were taken to the Deadhouse, and the coroner notified."

The fate of the dead woman and child seemed for a moment, from the horrified silence that succeeded the reading, to appall them. Jules Bonard wiped his beady face.

"You went to the Morgue, of course, to identify the bodies?" he questioned, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"I?"—with a strong gesture of repulsion—"not I. I knew it was she—the woman I employed—and that was enough. She had been to me, with the child, only an hour before, for money—which I was to send her in the country—and she parted from me with threats—with threats, do you understand? Why, then, should I follow her to that place? I was happily rid of both. The boy had forgotten nothing, but she had no remembrance. But enough. You see that I am rid of all that could thwart my new career. You have only to go your way as I go mine," she concluded. "I wish you no evil, and shall take good care none is inflicted on me. You can find your way out as you came; but beware of being seen. Go at once!"

Without waiting for a repetition of the words, or giving a glance behind him, he hastened from the room so noiselessly, that, when she turned from the window, towards which she had moved at the conclusion of her words, she was in doubt whether he had obeyed her.

But she was alone.

She gave a sigh of relief, placed the paper she had obtained in her secret drawer, and closed and locked the inlaid cabinet. Then, taking a bottle of perfumed water, she sprinkled the chair wherein her visitor had sat, the spot where he had stood, and cast a few drops upon her person.

She then arranged her dress, and touched a bell. After some minutes' waiting, a stout, robust individual, with intensely florid complexion and whiskers, arrayed in a gorgeous footman's uniform, made his appearance.

"Has my maid, Fawnroy, come in yet, St. Just?"

She called him St. Just, but if ever an individual looked plain Bill Jones, that footman did.

"Not yet, ma'am," craning his neck towards the window. "That's her, now, a-comin' down the street."

"Very well; send her to me when she comes in. Is General Inkerman at home?"

"No, ma'am. He's out with his walley—the Heast Indian—in the carriage," responded the footman, in a tone that indicated a personal grievance against the valet and the carriage for being out without him on such a pleasant Summer day.

"That will do. Stay! Should Doctor Braine call this evening to see me, remember I am at home, and will see him in the library."

As the man left the room, the lady moved listlessly to one of the windows and looked out, but instantly recoiled, with an expression of surprise.

"The general!" she exclaimed; "alone, and on foot; this is something unusual! What can have happened?"

CHAPTER II.—WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

A MILITARY and civic procession was moving down Broadway. Drums were beating, banners waving, music playing, men cheering, women talking, girls laughing, boys shouting and babies crying, all along the line; and the sight-seeing crowd repressed in the streets and on the corners, surged to and fro from curb to wall and back again before the advancing police platoons which led the van.

But not always in time, it would seem, to avoid danger.

For, when the head of the column had nearly reached Bond Street there was a sudden halt—a rush of police—a crush of bystanders—and exclamations of wrath and alarm, mingled with a womanly cry of distress.

A private carriage, drawn by a pair of jett horses, and occupied by an elderly gentleman with iron-gray mustache and military whiskers, who sat on the front seat with his driver, had attempted to force a passage through the crowd and to turn up Broadway.

In doing so, a young girl, bearing in her arms a little child she had hastily snatched up to protect it from the pressure of the throng, had been knocked down by the horses' hoofs, and the child had been stricken senseless by a blow on the head.

Loud words, more vigorous than polite, were angrily rising—partially, no doubt, at the carelessness of the gentleman, but mostly at the obstruction of the thoroughfare—words which were speedily silenced by the timely appearance of a mounted official, whose formal and respectful recognition of the gentleman with the iron-gray mustache had an instantaneous effect on his subordinates and the spectators.

The gentleman had already sprung from the carriage and caught up the young girl from almost under the wheels, while his attending servant—a thin, tawny East Indian, with eyes of glittering blackness—with equal celerity lifted the insensible child and placed it on the carriage-cushions; while with a touch of his disengaged hand, and two words in an unknown tongue, he controlled the excited horses, to the great admiration of the lookers-on.

"Room, there! room! Give way!" shouted the official, with an authoritative gesture. "Sergeant, let your men keep that crowd back! Now, then, young woman! Give the child to that man!"—indicating a policeman—"and he will take you to the nearest drug store, and see that you are both properly attended to! Nothing serious, I reckon! Now, then!—Fall back there!—Good-day, general!"

"One moment, captain," said the gentleman, who had been asking brief questions of the young girl while the official was speaking, and at the same time searchingly examining her beautiful face, with more than ordinary interest in his glance; "one moment, if you please! The child was not in her care—indeed, she only caught it up the minute before the accident to save it from danger, she says. No one was with it, and she thinks it an estray. This is what I wish to say: I am on my way home—wards, and will, with your approval, take them both with me. Should it become necessary, I can communicate with you at headquarters to-morrow. You know my address, I believe?"

"I do, very well, indeed, General Inkerman. Do as you like in the premises, of course. Your anxiety is very natural—reflects credit, and all that—but I see no danger of serious results; and the trouble——"

"It will be no trouble, sir, whatever, but simply a duty!" was the response, in a decisive tone; and before the young girl could utter the words of remonstrance which seemed trembling on her lips, he had lifted her into the carriage, placed himself beside her, signaled his tawny servant, and with a warning to the crowd, and a farewell nod to the official, was in a moment whirling up Broadway.

"Faster, Hulask, faster!" urged the general, as he turned his glance from the soiled and tear-stained cheek of the child lying insensible in the girl's lap, and the anxious, commiserating face bending over it, to his servant. "Drive at once to Dr. Braine's! Probably he may be found in."

Dr. Braine was in.

In a small office, not far from the New York Hotel, seated in a leather-backed easy-chair, engaged in reading for the second or third time a

gilt-edged, highly perfumed note, written in a long, Italian hand, which seemed to puzzle the worthy doctor as to its meaning or chirography, or both.

A small man, and a nervous, was Dr. Braine. Time had dealt leniently with him; his eyes were as bright, his face as rosy, his step as active, as those of a boy; and although a man of fifty, at least, the extreme boyishness of his appearance at first glance made strangers hesitate when addressing him, thinking the doctor out and this little man his youthful assistant.

The gilt-edged note which the doctor was examining appeared for a moment to have disturbed the cheery gentleman even beyond the puzzled expression visible like a passing cloud on his face, for, as his eyes glanced over it again, he muttered:

"It is a matter I don't quite understand, I see. If Mrs. Braine is really anxious to have the general married, which, unless confirmed, I should beg leave to doubt, why don't she marry him herself? Perhaps that is what she is aiming at. Yes, that is it. The fact of kinship is nothing. Cousins marry here without opposition from Church or State. She writes *sub rosa*, she says," referring to the note. "Well, then, I'd rather she wouldn't! Hints at my speaking to the general on the subject—indirectly, of course. Thinks that less of club life, and more of the social and domestic, would be better for him. Possibly true; but is the woman sincere? Somehow I have never felt wholly satisfied with that class of worldly, fashionable women. Too much sham. But I'm an old fogy, and very likely unjust—sometimes! Well, I shall have to call on her, I suppose, and—be bored! If the general could only marry her off to somebody! I doubt if he would grieve at her loss. Ha! speaking of the—Well, there's the general now! And who is that with him? A young woman with a child in her lap! A charity case, I'll be bound. Jake!" he shouted, turning his face towards a door leading to the rear office, and springing up briskly, thrusting as he did so the gilt-edged note out of sight. "Jake Beardsley, are you there?"

A tall, gaunt young man, wearing spectacles and an expression of severe formality, came in answer to the name, arranging as he advanced an immense white cravat—more from habit than otherwise it would seem, for, as a white cravat, it was altogether irreproachable.

This was Mr. Jacob Beardsley, B.A., Doctor Braine's chief assistant, often mistaken for his principal by strangers.

And thus proving by his presence that he *was* there, Mr. Beardsley desired to know, in a tone of distinct formality in perfect keeping with his exact and rigorous demeanor, wherein he could be of service.

The doctor, however, had not waited for an answer. A second glance out of the window had shown him the white face of the insensible child, as the young girl, clasping it in her arms, was carefully assisted from the carriage by General Inkerman; and in a moment he was outside relieving the girl, almost by force, of the child's weight; and, with a hasty greeting to the general, tenderly carried it into the office.

"Nothing serious here!" he declared, after a rapid but thorough examination of the youthful sufferer. "Jake, bring——"

The doctor paused, and looked sharply at the child.

"Some soap and water?" questioned Mr. Beardsley, in a tone of great gravity.

"How dare you propose such a ridiculous, but eminently proper—He's coming round now. The suggestion, general, absurd as Jake always is—has merit. Take him into the back room, Jake, and have him thoroughly washed, and we can then see what he is like. Away with him, before he splits the ears of the groundlings!" cried the doctor, cheerily, as the youngest's visage gave evidence of an impending outburst. "He will be as well as ever in a minute," he added to the young girl, as his assistant disappeared with the boy, soothing him as he went, in a tone that would have been a fortune to a sexton, and which had the immediate effect of precipitating the result the doctor was anxious to avoid, in an outbreak of tears and sobs. An evident stranger of late to water, it is quite possible that, coupled with his mention and the expression of Mr. Beardsley's face, he anticipated immediate drowning. The tears of youth, however, are like April rains, and soon yield to sunny influences. The young lady looked greatly relieved at the prospect of the boy's recovery.

Seated in the doctor's great leather-backed easy-chair, the young girl presented a charming picture.

She had removed her hat at the imperious command of the cheery little man, who had discovered an abrasion of the skin on the right temple—very slight, indeed, but showing how great had been the danger she had narrowly escaped; and, while he was occupied in bathing the injury, the general briefly recounted the particulars of the accident.

"Among the mob, eh?" said the doctor. "Beware of it, my girl—I always do. When you see a crowd, go the other way, and avoid the possibility of danger."

"All crowds are not mobs, if some of them are," said the general; "and I know a skillful friend of mine who is famous for what he accomplished once in a mob—that of the Flour Riots, for instance."

"That's another matter, sir. Duty."

"And, perhaps, the young lady's duty took her into the crowd. Is it not so, Miss——"

"Ashton, sir—Carrie Ashton—is my name; and you are right, sir, in supposing duty rather than pleasure was the cause of my being there," the girl said, simply; adding, in explanation, "I was on my way to the cap manufacturers' who give me employment, and whose place of business is near that corner."

Doctor Braine set down the lotion he was using, and looked at her with an earnestness so full of interest that the girl blushed.

"I was wondering," he said, slowly, "whether I had ever met you before. I think not, and yet your voice and manner remind me strangely of some one I have some time known. Ah, well," he added, half to himself, and with something very like a sigh, "the world is wide, and there are many people in it, and we have met many of them in our time, eh, general?" with a glance towards the window, where that gentleman was standing.

"Many, indeed, doctor," was the response—"very many; but few towards whom our hearts turn with sympathetic affection from the first."

"Gallantly and truthfully said," cried the doctor, slightly astonished at the earnestness with which the words were spoken, and noting the admiring gaze fixed upon the girl's face. "Ah! here comes our juvenile street Bedouin," he added, as his assistant entered, and deposited the child, much improved in appearance, on a sofa.

"Now, then, my little man," said the doctor, taking a seat beside him, "did you ever fly a kite?"

"I've fly'd a kite made of newspaper," responded the boy, slowly, after a moment as if of profound thought; "but I've never fly'd a real kite, though I've seen 'em often and often," with many sage nods, implying vast infantile knowledge.

"And some day I expect to have one myself. Have you got a kite?"

"Yes, indeed, I think I have," said the doctor, with a twinkle of the eye. "I've fly'd a great many in my time, my little man; though I never could see the utility of keeping a score in the air at once, as many folks do. Yes, I think I have one; if not, I know a man round the corner who has; and if you can tell me something I want to know, I'll get it for you."

"I will," said the boy, eagerly—"that is, I will if I know what you want to know, and you don't know."

"Well, then, I don't know. What is your father's name?"

The little fellow shook his head.

"That I don't know," he said, his countenance falling a little; "I've been asked afore."

"Your own name, then?"

"My name—my own name is Noddy!"—brightening again—"Noddy!"

"Ah! Well, Noddy, where do you live in the city?"

"Don't live anywhere, now."

"How did you come here, then?"

"I was left!" said the boy, promptly, but with a shudder, and glancing about him, as if in half expectation of seeing some ghastly object.

"Left! by whom?"

A glance of interest and anticipation passed between the general and the doctor.

"By the woman!" with some bitterness.

"What woman—your mother?"

The boy looked first indignant, and then shook his head.

"They asked who she was," he said, "and I didn't know. She was killed there. She wasn't my mother, that I know," he declared with great positiveness and evident satisfaction.

"Ah! she was killed, then! Where was it?"

asked the doctor, soothingly, as he stroked his hair.

"At the railroad—where I was left; didn't I say that afore?"

"In part, my boy. I see we must inquire elsewhere. There is one other thing I want to know and don't know," continued the doctor, exchanging a glance with the general; "where will you sleep to-night, Noddy?"

"Where I did last night," was the prompt response, given with an air of proprietorship. "In a drygoods-box at old Billy's—you know him, I suppose."

"I am afraid not."

"Why, I s'posed everybody knew him. You don't know what you've lost, you don't. Why, he's the man what sells papers on the corner; and he hasn't but one hand, 'cause, you see, he lost t'other one when he went a-sojerin', he says. He rents me the box, and I sell papers for him for pay. So that is where I am to sleep," concluded the boy, in a burst of triumph.

"Well, well, my lad—if such a little mite can be called a lad—I find there are some things that you know and I do not, and some things you don't know that I wish I did. But you shall have what I promised all the same! What do you propose, general?"

he added, rising and walking to the window, for greatly interested in the child himself, his knowledge of General Inkerman told him that doubtless some plan of action for its benefit had been already decided on in that gentleman's mind.

And such was the fact.

While the doctor was questioning the boy, the general had elicited from Miss Ashton her desire that the stray should go home with her, until other arrangements could be made, or its relatives ascertained.

This was exactly what the general wished.

"It shall be my care, Miss Ashton," he said, in approving the young girl's suggestion, "to see that the child does not become a burden to you. Pending inquiries, which the doctor is hereby authorized to set on foot, I assume the position of the boy's guardian, and I insist upon bearing all the responsibility and whatever expense may be necessary in his behalf—which reminds me that he must have an outfit at once," he added.

He placed a sum sufficient for the purpose in her hand as he spoke, and led the way to the carriage, carrying the child.

Ordering his man to hold himself at Miss Ashton's disposal, and drive wherever she said, he patted the wail on the head, said good-by to the young girl, and watched her sweet face till an intervening vehicle hid it from sight.

He had instructed Hulask to proceed homeward, when at liberty, without him, and with a very thoughtful face was turning towards the doctor's office, when a thin, dark-visaged man, wearing a pointed chin-whisker and mustache, stumbled against him in passing.

"A blundering fellow," muttered the general, looking after him and rubbing his arm, as the man, without even a glance of apology, hurried on.

Could he have known! But the general's thoughts had instantly reverted to the young girl, Carrie Ashton, with an intensity absorbing all others, and re-entering his friend's office, he accepted his challenge as affording time for quiet thought, and both gentlemen sat down to a quiet game of chess.

(To be continued.)

THE ORDER OF PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY, AND SOME OF ITS PROMINENT MEMBERS.

THE introduction to the public, by means of photographs and brief biographical sketches, of a group of Masters of various State Granges of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, will enable the world to judge of the objects of the association, as well as the character of its representative men. The history of these agriculturists during the past ten years is that of the Order itself. Their labors, either official or private, exhibit the inception of the vast scheme and its subsequent progress.

The original leaders in the movement were O. H. Kelley, of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington, and William Saunders, Superintendent of the Gardens and Grounds, of the same department.

O. H. KELLEY

is a native of Boston, Mass., and is about forty-six years of age. In January, 1866, he received a commission from President Johnson to make a tour of the Southern States and report upon the agricultural and mineral resources of the country. He traversed all the States east of the Mississippi except Florida and Mississippi, without a single unpleasant incident.

The planters were in a daze. They knew nothing of the free-labor system, or how to practically avail themselves of its advantages, and were waiting as if for some revelation to enlighten them. Mr. Kelley mentally inquired if there was not a remedy for this state of things. Deeply impressed with the necessity of some action, he reached the city of Mobile, where he first conceived the idea of the union of agricultural societies for practical co-operation. The question suddenly occurred to him,

"Why should not the farmers, both North and South, unite for social and educational purposes, with a view to promote their common interests?"

In November of 1866 he came to Washington. He did not relinquish his project, but mentioned it to a number of gentlemen, most of whom treated the matter with indifference, and a few of whom gave him encouragement. Among the latter were

WILLIAM SAUNDERS,

then, as now, Superintendent of the Gardens and Grounds of the Department of Agriculture; Mr. William M. Ireland, then, as now, Chief Clerk of the Finance Office of the Post Office Department; Mr. John R. Thompson, of the Treasury Department; Rev. Dr. John Trimble, also of the Treasury Department; and Rev. A. B. Grosh, of the Department of Agriculture.

The matter was discussed among the gentlemen mentioned at different times, and various suggestions offered relative to the plan of organization. Acting on these suggestions, Messrs. Kelley and Ireland together compiled the first degree of the Order, on the evening of August 5th, 1867. On the 12th of the same month Mr. Saunders, who had been directed by the Commissioner of the Department of Agriculture to proceed to certain points in the South and West in the interests of the Department, took the first degree to St. Louis, and called the attention of prominent agriculturists to the proposed organization. The efforts were, happily, rewarded with great success, and on the evening of December 4th, 1867, the National Grange was instituted in Washington.

On the 1st of April, 1868, Mr. Kelley left Washington, under the direction of the National Grange, to establish subordinate granges in the States.

The second dispensation for a subordinate grange was granted at Fredonia, N. Y., and the third at Columbus, O., where Colonel Joseph W. Dwyer, of stock-raising, agricultural and political renown, on the recommendation of his friend, Mr. John R. Thompson, Lecturer of the National Grange, bought the third dispensation, which he still holds among his archives. The fourth dispensation was taken in Chicago. In Minnesota, one month after leaving Washington, Mr. Kelley organized six granges. Ten granges in all were organized during the year 1868.

The work of organizing State and subordinate granges has since progressed in the most favorable manner.

LADY PATRONS.

The degrees conferred upon lady members are known as those of the Maid, Shepherdess, Gleaner, Matron, Pomona (Hope), Flora (Charity), and Ceres (Faith). The assistance of women in the workings of the Order proves to be of incalculable value, especially in regard to the refinements of education, and all that tends to brighten hearths and enliven homes. One of the pleasant social features of the granges is the feasts provided by the ladies once a month. In some parts of the West these banquets take the form of picnics in the woods. For the success of the social feature, great credit is given to Miss Carrie A. Hall, of Boston. The grange-room, it is claimed, is a kind of moral club-room for the enjoyment of both sexes.

The National Grange has two degrees for ladies—Flora, Mrs. J. C. Abbott, and Ceres, Mrs. Dudley W. Adams.

C. D. BEEMAN,

the General Deputy of the National Grange, is a most indefatigable laborer in the cause. During the Summer just passed he has traveled extensively, lecturing upon the objects of the Order, and preparing the way for the organization of subordinate bodies. His home is at Waukon, Iowa, a State that leads all the rest in the number of granges, having at last report 1,776, representing over 65,000 farmers.

S. H. ELLIS

is Master of the Ohio State Grange, which now has under its control 103 subordinates. He is a native "Buckeye," forty-three years of age, and has been a farmer all his life. His connection with the Order dates back to last September, when, with fifty of his acquaintances, he assisted in organizing the first grange in his State. He was elected Master, and subsequently appointed by the National Grange a Deputy for Ohio to organize new granges. By the 9th of April following (1873) there were in the State thirty granges. At that time the State Grange was organized, T. A. Thompson, of Minnesota, Lecturer of the National Grange, having charge of the work.

COLONEL JOHN COCHRANE

is Master of the Wisconsin State Grange. In October last there were 22 granges in the State, and on the 23d of August the reports showed 195 in a healthy condition, besides councils in eight counties. Several town insurance companies have been formed among the Patrons. In company with James Brainard, Secretary of the State Grange, he has traveled over more than 2,000 miles to conduct the ceremony of organization. The cause has met with such favor in Wisconsin, that Mr. Brainard is compelled to devote his whole time to its interests.

JOHN WEIR,

Master of the Indiana State Grange, has 308 bodies under his care. He was born in East Tennessee, but emigrated to the Wabash, in Indiana, in 1817, being then seventeen years of age. A large majority of the inhabitants were Indians. The settlers were destitute of churches, schools, mills and roads. Comparing that time with the present, he has witnessed perhaps a greater change brought about by civilization, than any other man. The State Grange was organized at Terre Haute, February 28th, 1872. On the 15th of January last there were 49 organizations, since which time the number has increased nearly six-fold.

F. H. DUMBAULD,

Master of the Kansas State Grange, was born in Pennsylvania, and is now 45 years of age. With his father's family he removed at an early age into Ohio, where he remained 18 years. In 1864, he settled in Kansas. He has "made" three large farms in his life. The State Grange was organized July 30th last, and Mr. Dumbauld elected Master. With the assistance of George Spurgeon, the Secretary, he has organized over 400 subordinates in the last nine months. The Patrons have effected quite a revolution in Kansas, having brought dealers to supply agricultural implements and other necessities at prices varying from 30 to 40 per cent. lower than usually charged.

T. R. ALLEN

is Master of the Missouri State Grange, which has now 628 organizations under its control.

The banner State is Iowa, which has 1,776 granges; then follow Missouri with 628; Illinois, 591; Kansas, 454; Minnesota, 343; Nebraska, 310; Indiana, 308; Mississippi, 238; Wisconsin, 195; South Carolina, 141; Ohio, 103; Georgia, 111; Tennessee, 84; and North Carolina, Oregon, Vermont, Michigan, California, Arkansas, Alabama, Pennsylvania, New York, Dakota, New Jersey, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, Colorado, Kentucky, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, all ranging from 1 to 57. The present Master of the

National Grange, which has its headquarters at Washington, D. C., is Dudley W. Adams, of Waukon, Iowa.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE MARKET PLACE, CORDOVA, SPAIN.

Cordova is one of the many celebrated cities of Spain, and is the capital of the province of that name. Although much of its ancient glory has passed away, it is still famous for its picturesque buildings and its magnificent cathedral, once a Moorish mosque, founded by Abderrahman in 786. It is situated between Seville and Madrid, in a beautiful plain, on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, which is here crossed by a Moorish bridge of sixteen arches. Its population numbers about sixty thousand. It has, for so far, been singularly free from the inroads of the war raging between the two parties that are now struggling individually for supremacy in the land, and may possibly remain so to the termination of the conflict. Our sketch, under the above head, represents one of its market-places, known since the establishment of the Republic as "Constitution Square." Here, owing to the thermometer being 80 in the shade at 10 A. M., we find the vendors of various fruits and packages of goods constrained to take refuge beneath their white umbrellas, which give the whole square the appearance of being overrun by gigantic mushrooms or toadstools. The effect of the white surface of the cloth in the brilliant sunlight is most painful on the eyes, and the result is that no purchasers visit such places during the heat of the day unless urged by the sheerest necessity; although, as we may perceive, the proprietors of this strange encampment are to be found at their post at all hours.

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE—DESTRUCTION OF A DHOW.

The diplomatic mission of Sir Bartle Frere, in regard to the East African Slave Trade, has brought that section of the world into considerable prominence of late. Almost any feature of life on the Slave Coast becomes interesting, in view of the important character of the mission, and of the treaty lately enacted with the Sultan of Zanzibar. A book has just been issued by Captain G. N. Sullivan, entitled "Dhow-chasing in Zanzibar Waters," in which he describes those curious vessels used by the slave-dealers for the transportation of their living freight. A Mr. Thomas Mitchell, of H. M. S. *Maggie*, at Zanzibar, has lately written home, giving a description of the manner in which the captain of a "dhow" deliberately ran her ashore through the surf, when he saw that escape from the *Maggie* was impossible. He says, "When steaming to the southward along the Arabian Coast, on our way to Zanzibar, we sighted off Cape Madrak a dhow, which, on seeing us, immediately made for the shore. Of course we made chase, but we did not succeed in cutting her off, and she beached through a tremendous surf in the only sandy bay near. We then saw some of the crew land, and those left on board threw the slaves overboard, while those on shore assisted them to land as they were washed up. About 150 slaves were landed in this manner, and then the dhow broke up, and the slaves were conveyed in a long straggling line away towards the hills."

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA AT COWES.

Cowes, as everybody knows, is a somewhat celebrated little town in the Isle of Wight, remarkable for the beauty of its environs, and for the profound respect in which it holds every member of the present royal family of England. It is finely situated on ground rising from the harbor, and presents a handsome appearance from the sea, although many of its streets are narrow and tortuous. It is a fashionable bathing-place, and a favorite resort of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Among the most noted of its establishments is the club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which hold their annual regatta here to the delight and profit of the inhabitants. Recently this affair came off with great *clat* over a course of about sixty miles, when eight boats entered the race for the Queen's Cup; the *Kriemhilda*, 105 tons, owned by Count Batthyany, coming in the winner amid great cheering, which was redoubled when it was found that the Prince of Wales and the Czarowitz were on board. In the evening a ball was given by the officers of H. M. S. *Ariadne*, then lying in the harbor. Our engraving represents the sailors of that frigate in their white and blue uniforms conveying the fair ladies and others invited, on board. As may be supposed, the festivities were on a sufficiently magnificent scale to give Cowes something to speak about until another year rolls round, and supplements the *file*.

LIBERATION OF FRENCH TERRITORY—REJOICINGS AT BELFORT.

France is free once more. As the debt incurred by the war was being liquidated, town after town was evacuated by the Germans, until at last Belfort, their final foothold, was relinquished, which they had held for nearly two years and a half. Belfort, it will be remembered, was the only fortress in the land which did not surrender to the invader—the garrison having marched out with the honors of war on the conclusion of the peace. During its occupancy by the conquering army it is alleged that out of the 8,000 French inhabitants of the town not a man was to be found who extended his hand in friendship to a German, or who could subsequently be induced to say even one word of good-will to any of the troops who were bidding adieu to the place. This is significant, as were the rejoicings which accompanied the hoisting of the Tricolor upon every eminence where the German standard had formerly waved. So strong and so deep was the sense of emancipation from the bitter yoke of the Teuton, that all classes of the townspeople resolved themselves into a carnival, and went forth with banners flying and blessings on their tongues for Thiers and the Republic. As in all other places relieved from the presence of the invader, the rejoicings were significant in their power and fierceness, and showed how intense the hatred of the people to those who had heaped such disaster on the nation. Some idea can be caught from our illustration of the sentiment which prevailed on the occasion under consideration, and how next to impossible it will be to wipe out from the memory of France the recollection of the wrongs which she believes herself to have suffered during the war. Be this as it may, she is now free, after disposing of an enormous debt in a space so brief as to excite the wonder and admiration of the world. So far as we are aware, no nation of either ancient or modern times ever relieved itself of so gigantic a weight with such comparative ease and so speedily.

ENGLAND—THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN ON DARTMOOR.

Just at the present time Her Majesty's troops are indulging in all sorts of mimic warfare, incidental to the Autumn Campaign, on Dartmoor. The soldiers are under the command of Sir Charles Stanley, and so far there have been many bloodless battles fought, to say nothing of the brilliant skirmishing and strategies. The First and Second Divisions have had a pitched battle for the possession of a town, in which nearly 12,000 men were engaged. Many laughable incidents occurred during the terrible struggle. The Royal Engineers made a breach in a wall of stone, and the Forty-second Regiment (Highlanders) stormed a fortress of pigs and poultry in a farm-yard at Yellow Mead. It is needless to state that the pigs and poultry were routed.

PERSONAL.

The celebrated German engraver Joseph von Keller died lately at Dusseldorf.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has resigned the presidency of the Carolina Life Insurance Company.

PROFESSOR MARSH, of Yale, has procured for the college museum the finest existing specimen of the pterodactyl.

PROFESSOR ASA SMITH, of Dartmouth College, has been chosen president of the New Hampshire State Temperance Union.

COUNT DE MENDERSTROM, a Swedish statesman and author, died at Stockholm, on the 28th ultimo, at the age of sixty-seven.

MAJOR DANIEL GANO, who died in Cincinnati the other day, full of years and honors, was the first white child born in Ohio.

GENERAL W. B. BARRINGER, of North Carolina, formerly Minister to Spain, is lying at the White Sulphur Springs dangerously ill.

MRS. ESTHER MORRIS and MRS. ELIZA BOYD have been nominated for the Legislature by the Albany County Convention of Wyoming Territory.

THE Rev. Dr. T. C. Teasdale, formerly of New Haven, has been elected professor of rhetoric and elocution in the East Tennessee University.

SIR BARTLE FRERE is to be created a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council, in recognition of his services in connection with the Zanzibar mission.

MR. MONTAGUE BERNARD, D.C.L., one of the Treaty of Washington Commissioners on the part of England, is likely to be appointed Baron of the Exchequer.

COLONEL F. H. NOTEWARE, Superintendent of Immigration of Nebraska, is in Italy, arranging for the immigration to his State of a number of peasant farmers.

BISHOP RYAN, of St. Louis, has just received from Rome, Italy, a life-size portrait of that distinguished prelate, Archbishop Kendrick. It was taken while the Archbishop was attending the Ecumenical Council.

THE STAGE AND ROSTRUM.

STUART ROBSON is performing *Lord Faulstich* in Boston.

FRANK MAYO is working his way Eastward from San Francisco.

JOHN E. OWENS will open the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

MME. CLARA M. BRINKERHOFF will appear in the principal cities this season.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS is to lecture upon "John Brown" during the Winter.

MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ will act through the country this season in the "Magdalen."

JAMES T. FIELDS, of Boston, has prepared six lectures on popular subjects for the Winter season.

MATILDA FLETCHER is the oratress selected for the opening of the Nebraska State Agricultural Fair.

ANNA LOUISE CARY is preparing in Paris for the season of Opera in the Academy of Music, New York.

MME. RITA SANGALI will occupy the position of *premiere danseuse* with the Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH is about to form a partnership with M. Bagier to manage the Italian Opera in Paris.

EDWIN BOOTH is to perform in the principal New England cities, commencing the first week in December next.

FATHER PALACIOS, a native of Castile, Spain, will lecture throughout Florida, in the old Castilian language.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON's health has so far recovered as to permit him to bring out "Rip Van Winkle" at Booth's.

POLLY BARRETT, formerly a dancer with the Kralfys, is to be married shortly to a wealthy Buffalonian.

JOHN S. CLARK will visit the United States upon the completion of his engagement at the Haymarket, London.

J. M. BELLEW's first lecture, after his arrival, will be delivered in the Church of the Disciples, New York, October 2d.

DR. HANS VON BULOW has been engaged for the season of 1874-5, and will make his first appearance in New York.

MISS BLANCHE TUCKER, of Chicago, is studying with Mme. Garcia, in Paris, preparatory to a *début* on the lyric stage.

MR. WILLIAM ALLEN, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, made the opening speech of the campaign to a large and enthusiastic meeting at Columbus on the 29th ult.

INSTEAD of appearing on the stage, as usual, John Brougham will spend the season in giving readings from his plays.

WILKIE COLLINS is taking lessons in reading. He says: "I owe much to my American friends, and wish to do my very best to please them."

THE death of the Hon. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, may occur at any moment. The last report stated that his eyesight and voice were gone.

DAVID MCKNIGHT, a prominent citizen of Reading, Pa., and President of the National Union Bank, died on the 29th ult., after a lingering illness, aged 60 years.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDAL BENNETT has composed a sonata for the piano-forte on the theme of "The Maid of Orleans." It was written for Madame Arabella Goddard.

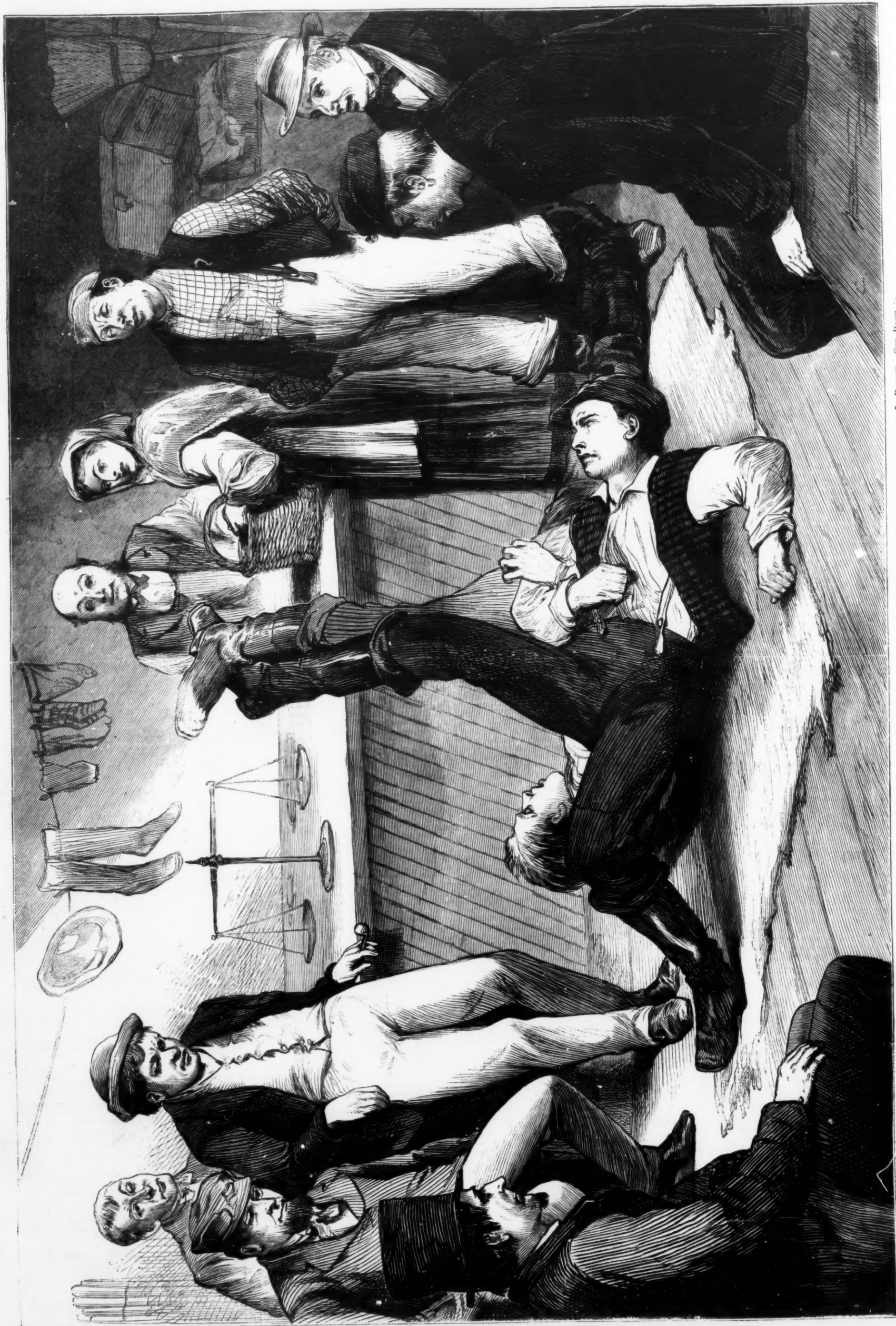
MARK SMITH is in Paris, on his way home from Italy, where his family reside permanently for the benefit of a daughter, who is studying for the operatic profession.

T. C. DE LEON takes the management of the Mobile (Ala.) Theatre this season, and has engaged Lawrence Barrett, Little Nell, Mme. Janaschek, Ben De Bar and other professional artists.

T. J. FRANCIS, W. P. WELLS, and C. H. CREW will represent New Jersey at the annual meeting of the Great Council of the United States Improved Order of Red Men, which meets at Wilmington, Del., on the 9th of September.

THOMAS O'CONNOR and MICHAEL BRENNAN, of Newark, N. J., the graduates of Seton Hall College selected by Bishop Corrigan to enter the American College at Rome to undergo preparation for the priesthood, sailed on the 30th ult.

AMONG the Englishmen coming to this country this season to lecture are: Charles Bradlaugh, the "English Reformer;" B. A. Proctor, the astronomer, Gerald Massey, the poet; Hepworth Dixon, the "historian," and the Rev. Newman Hall and Professor Peppercor.



VERMONT.—SATURDAY EVENING AMUSEMENTS IN A COUNTRY STORE.—A FRENCH WRESTLING MATCH.—SKETCHED BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 11.



NEW YORK CITY.—A SCENE IN BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.—LADIES VISITING THE SICK.—SEE PAGE 5.

TRUSTING.

WATCHING all through the weary night,
In darkness, lonely and forlorn,
I hail the blessed morning light—
Thy love is brighter than the morn!

Praying, but tempted and cast down,
Tried from without and from within,
I fail and fear to lose my crown—
Thy love is stronger than my sin!

Waiting to draw my dying breath,
No arm to stay, no art to save,
I shudder to belong to death—
Thy love is deeper than the grave!

Oh, Love! so bright, so deep, so strong,
When this brief voyage of life is o'er,
Teach me to sing the heavenly song,
And lead me to the shining shore!

WHY A WOMAN JOINED THE SHAKERS.

NEAR my father's house in the country stands an old orchard, or, rather, a few scattered apple-trees, that show a weaker life from year to year, and drop a few prematurely blasted apples, blighted and bitter, as if they had sucked the red slime of decay from the death-struck branches among which they grow. Every year I find a smaller number, and a larger pile of brush by the deserted roadside. Near by is a regular cavity in the otherwise level meadow, a pile of broken bricks, and a great clump of burdocks that show that a house once stood there. Close beside, a large flat stone is nearly covered with rank grass. This was the hearth-stone, around which children once gathered, and from which they went out to the wild, dark ways of the world. These few failing indications are all that mark the spot where once stood a home; and they tell too truly their own story of decay and desolation.

The old house had long been a nuisance to the neighborhood. Years before, a strange woman—for all foreigners were then strange to the simple farmers of that region—had come across the sea, and, taking up her abode there, had taught a strange creed, to the horror of the stern followers of Calvin. There she worshipped in her own wild way, if her wordless singing and delirious dancing could be called worship. Strange to tell, she drew many from the faith of their fathers; and the country meeting-house, where they had sat in stern reverence for years, and joined their voices in holy hymns, grew vacant and dusty. The old minister could not be supported, and was dismissed, and died of grief. All who adopted the creed of this strange woman were lost to the world, where God's saving faith comes of struggle and self-control. The busy walks of life forgot them, and public spirit died. They gathered in a close community, and the outlying farmhouses were neglected, and fell into decay. Public roads were abandoned and fenced up; schools were no longer needed; and half-reclaimed farms grew up to brush. These new votaries lived in seclusion in their own neat village, for their creed taught the entire renunciation of all the glories and vanities of life, with its worthless ambitions and selfish pleasures, and an entire devotion to the work of obtaining the undefiled glory of heaven. The practical creed which this woman taught was, that in heaven they marry not, but are equal spirits. If Christians would live thus, heaven might begin on earth. She drew to herself those who were heartbroken by disappointed love, or wretched by unsuited marriages. She taught honesty, industry, charity, both by precept and example. No beggar was ever turned from her door unrelieved; and the society which she founded, by following in her footsteps, is her most fitting monument.

After her death, the old house furnished a shelter to the homeless tramps that cling from generation to generation to almost every country district, and gain a precarious living by fishing, picking berries, making baskets and stealing. For many years it was the abode of these outcasts; and, as it became more ruinous, the succeeding tenants grew worse and worse.

The last was a savage-looking man, who had flitted and shifted about the country since his childhood—a man with Indian and gypsy blood in his veins, and whose frequent disappearances hinted of prisons in other States, where strange tramps generally come to grief. There was a white woman with him, whom he said was his wife and the mother of his children. They drew after them a crowd of worthless creatures like themselves, and hen-roosts suffered. Few of them could be seen by day, but at night they collected in the old house, and made the still neighborhood hideous with their drunken brawls.

One night a fierce orgie called the attention of some passers-by, and they turned towards the house, which stood at some distance from the road, but, almost stumbling over several men lurking about behind bushes and stone walls, they concluded it best to let the brawl fight itself out. In the morning the oldest boy came to the nearest neighbor with the intelligence that his father had killed his mother. The murdered woman was found on the floor, dead and cold, and was quickly buried by the selectmen of the town, with the smallest possible expense. The man had fled, and no one cared to look after him. The old tramps lurked at a respectful distance for a night or two, and the children disappeared with them.

The house never had another tenant, and the story got around that it was haunted by the spirit of the murdered woman, whose death was still unavenged. Be that as it may, it became a terror to children, and an object of fear to all true believers in ghosts.

Late in the season the old place was blown down. We heard the crash one night with a shudder, but the morning light reassured us, and we children were the first of the curious neighbors that gathered about the ruins. The destruction was complete. Scarcely two beams held together, and the polluted hole was open to the purifying light and air. A pile of rubbish never harbored ghosts, and we crawled among the broken timbers with childish curiosity. There was little to find. A roll of paper attracted my attention. It was crushed out from a broken floor and ceiling, and, having a natural inclination to scribble, and paper being scarce in those days, I secured it as a prize. But it proved to be written over and yellow with age, and was thrown aside in the collection of children's discarded trumpery which can be found in some dark corner of almost every house. There it lay for years.

Time brings useless things to use again, and when I had learned that many an unread history lay in such discarded rolls, I hunted that one up and read on its yellow leaves the following life-story of one of the believers in the strangest delusion that ever filled a heart left vacant by disappointed love:

The world has wondered at our creed and jeered

at our quaint garb, and still more at our renunciation of all that is dear to the human heart. Well, let it jeer. I, too, have seen the time when I could jeer at fanatics, the time when I was bright and gay as any lady in the land. But that was long ago. I dreamed my dream, and woke to the reality. If I found it hard and stern, I found it as it was, and is, and shall be. Amen.

I was born in the little town of C—, in the North of England. My parents belonged to the middle class of society, and my childhood's home was one of plenty. I had several brothers and sisters older than myself, and together we used to climb the rugged hills between which the Tyne pierced a passage to the sea, or wandered all day by the banks of the river, and sailed our mimic ships on its foaming current. Life seemed then as bright and free as the sunshine that danced on the waters.

Few can appreciate the influence which the grand and beautiful in nature exert on the mind of an imaginative child. I made it a world of my own, and peopled it with ideal forms, which became my companions and friends. They were free from earthly taint, and I loved them. Oh, how they vanished! But I became a woman first.

If my dream had died with my childhood! But no, I will not think of it.

When I was seventeen years old we received a visit from my aunt, my father's sister, whom I had never seen before. She was a gay and worldly woman, who had married, when quite young, a man far above her in wealth and social position. He had been dazzled and won by her wonderful beauty. He died shortly after their marriage, and left to her the whole of his princely fortune.

I was her namesake, and resembled her more closely than I did any one else, and she resolved to adopt me. At first my parents objected, but dazzled by the glittering prospect held out for me, and overcome by her persuasions, they at last consented. So I bade good-by to the pure scenes of my childhood, and took up my abode in her elegant city home.

It was strange to me at first, but its fascinations grew upon me like magic. The best of teachers were employed to finish my education. Music, dancing, all the accomplishments of society, seemed to come natural to me. My wardrobe was supplied with the most costly and elegant garments. I was surrounded by flatterers, who praised my beauty and my aunt's liberality.

But still something was lacking—something to take the place of the lost dream—companions of my soul. I was lonely in the midst of the gayest scenes.

One evening, at a brilliant ball that had been given in the honor of my eighteenth birthday, the old feeling of longing for my lost ideal friends came over me with unusual force. I withdrew from the revel, and seated myself in the conservatory adjoining the ballroom, in a recess so overshadowed by the luxurious drapery of the window that I could see all that passed without being seen. The whirl and excitement of the room jarred strangely on my thoughts—jarred and vibrated into distant waves which had a kind of harmony, as if there were something in or under the noise and confusion that was coming to me, that was already in me and of me, and was mine.

I had not been seated long when a gentleman left the dancers, and strolled in an objectless way into the conservatory. While he was looking vaguely at the flowers, my aunt came in search of me. As I rose from my place of concealment to meet her, he was greatly astonished and embarrassed, but my aunt immediately introduced us, and offering me his arm, we entered the ballroom.

A couple was still wanting to complete the set, and he asked me to dance. Something prompted me to refuse, but a look from my aunt changed my mind, and I accepted the invitation.

We commenced, and I knew that we were the observed of all observers. I endeavored to appear indifferent, but I dared not look at my partner, for I felt his keen gaze going through and through my soul.

When the dance was ended, he led me to a seat apart from the others, and placing himself beside me, endeavored to draw me into conversation. At first I could answer only in monosyllables, but as I listened to his deep, clear voice, I gained courage, and for the first time surveyed him closely.

He might have been thirty years old—perhaps more—with dark hair and piercing black eyes, a complexion browned by a tropical sun, and a manner that a king might have envied.

And his voice! In it was the harmony of all the loved sounds of my childhood. The songs of the birds, the music of the Summer wind and the rush of the rapid river were blended: When he left me for the night, with the promise to call on me next day, I felt that my destiny was sealed.

I need not say that he came, and came again. In a month we were solemnly engaged to each other for life.

I ought to have been happy. If ever a woman had won the man dear to her above all others, I was that woman. But the music of my love—had it no sound of the hollow reed? A little; but what were sounds? Certainly the music of my ideal world was in it—and something more—a hollow sound from beyond. I tried to shut my ears and keep it out. Had he not told me over and over how he loved me, and assured me that he could never love another? Then came the music of the birds, and winds, and streams, and after—the hollow sound from beyond.

But I stifled it and believed him. Why should I not? What woman does not like to believe words of strength and love?

Time sped on, and in a few days we should be one. One, did I say? What a mockery in the word! Women had gone to the ends of the earth in the wild hope of finding that oneness with a strong soul which is joy, peace, rest, and found themselves instead alone in the universe—not with any human being, not even with God. Fools! they have yet to learn that the scheming and selfish only win what they seek. These marry for wealth and station, get them, and are satisfied.

It was the evening before my wedding-day. All things were ready, and my vague doubts had disappeared. I was happy—perfectly happy. I wondered at myself—wondered at the prize that was to be mine so soon. I wondered that the whole world did not cry aloud for joy, and bow down and worship him—my idol.

My reverie was broken by the entrance of my aunt.

"Mary," said she—and the words had an unutterable tenderness, as if they were spoken with foreboding pity—"Mary, are you sure that you can trust your happiness in the keeping of this man?"

"Trust him, aunt! How can you ask the question? I would trust him with my soul; I would put it in his care to save or lose, knowing that he could save it."

"May your faith in him never be shaken!" said she; "but I fear he is selfish and sordid beyond most of his kind. He supposes that you will be heir to all my wealth. Would it not be well to tell him, before it is too late, that my property returns at my death to my husband's family?"

I was indignant, and answered, proudly:

"Do you think I would insult my affianced husband by such a foul suspicion? What does he care for your fortune? No slander could be more unjust than that of imputing mercenary motives to him."

My aunt said no more, but with a sigh quitted the room, and left me to more pleasing reflections. The foreboding of evil hardly disturbed me for a moment.

My bridal day dawned bright and beautiful. I awoke with the earliest light, and, dressing myself, crept softly down-stairs into the garden to gather a bouquet of blush-roses that grew in rich clusters on a bush brought from Persia. What hearts of dreams they had! They were heavy with love and joy—heavy and full of tears. They say that an iron can be made so cold that it will feel red-hot, so little difference is there between intense feeling. Was mine one of this kind, or did it reach to the illimitable woe beyond? I crushed the odoriferous, maddening flowers, and they turned to purple stains on my hands—stains that had a bitter taste. I threw the mass on the floor of the summer-house, and looked at it; it stained the white marble. A book was lying near—an old yellow volume, and I tried to calm myself by reading it.

The first words that met my eyes were: "Ye shall love, and it shall fail; for beyond it is not. Ye may sorrow, and it may fail; for beyond it should be not. Ye may be purified, and it shall not fail; for beyond it is."

Wild with this strange monition, I threw the book away, muttering with clinched teeth:

"Ye shall love, and it shall not fail!"

So I went into the house to dress for my bridal.

The wedding passed off gayly—as it always does. Many flowers and good wishes, many flowers and compliments. I heard the whispers, "What a lovely, happy bride!" My great love was deep and calm and perfect. I had the future of an earthly affection, and was satisfied.

Our bridal tour was short, and we returned to London to reside in a beautiful home which had been furnished by my husband previous to our marriage. He was wealthy—at least he had told me so—and my surroundings bore ample evidence of the fact. Nothing was wanting that the most refined habits or the most expensive tastes could desire.

I lived in a luminous dream. My husband was far dearer to me than he had been as a lover, and my ideal oneness with him was realized. I forgot everything else in my joy—forgot that there was sorrow, poverty, pain in this world—forgot that God was over all, blessed for evermore.

When I had been married about three months my aunt suddenly died. As I had never told my husband that she had misgivings as to my marriage, and as she had called on us frequently, if he ever supposed that I was her appointed heir, he had been given no reason to think otherwise. I noticed a strange expression pass over his countenance when her death was announced to him—a look of triumph and exultation. As he went out I heard him mutter, "Just in time." The words were not intended for my ear, and they filled me with terror.

After the funeral, as was the custom, the will was read by a solicitor to the assembled relatives. A few keepsakes were distributed to each, the old family servants provided for, and then came the concluding and fatal clause:

"These provisions cover all the property of which I am possessed in my own right. The estate, of which I have had the use during my lifetime, reverts to the heirs of my late husband, according to the provisions of his will."

My husband received it as he might have received a blow on the face. His whole nature seemed changed in an instant. Forgetful of the dignity which he owed to himself and to me, if not to the assembled friends, he burst into an uncontrolled rage. I tried to soothe him, but I might as well have reasoned with a madman.

"What are you talking about, woman?" he hissed between his teeth. "Do you think I married you for this?"

"No," I said; "I know you married me because you loved me, and though you may be disappointed, my love for you shall make large amends."

"Do you know that we are beggars?" he asked. I was astonished, for he always represented himself as wealthy, but my love triumphed over his deception. "You have great talents," said I, "and the noblest avenues of business will be open to you."

"Business!" he sneered. "Do you suppose that I will work for your support? If you do, you had better disabuse your mind of that idea at once."

And then he taunted me with swindling him, in words too vile and brutal to repeat. My friends tried to protect me from his fierce abuse, but their interference only made him more furious. Stunned and bewildered by the scene, I was carried home unconscious.

When I came to myself I was alone, but near me was a paper containing a few words from my husband, to the effect that he preferred his freedom to my company, and that I was welcome to go where I pleased, as I would never see him again. I crawled through the house, and found no one except a man sitting in the hall smoking, who told me that there would be a sale of all the effects the next day. Then, without a tear, I dressed myself in some plain garments, which I had brought from my father's, and took my way through the desolate streets, in the direction of the home of my childhood.

I have no remembrance of the journey or of my arrival home. By comparing dates afterwards, I found that I must have been about two weeks on the way. Probably I begged at the houses by the roadside, and slept under the hedges. Some good angel must have directed me, for they told me that I was raving mad and knew no one, nor could they surmise the cause of my sudden appearance, coming, as I did, tattered and dusty with travel and exposure. I only remember that I woke to consciousness in the bed of the old, familiar room. The sun shone. My gray-haired father sat beside me.

Then came the kind faces that I knew—mother, brothers and sisters. They asked no questions, and made no reference to my trouble. I suppose they knew it all. They talked a little, in the old quiet way, of the things that were pleasant, of the summer roses, and the garden, and the river, till I fell asleep again as sweetly as in the by-gone days.

My recovery was slow, for the anguish came and kept me back. My lost love—not him, but my love—my blighted life, my extinguished hope! How could I live? And yet, as the days came and went, I grew stronger, till I could walk about alone in my old haunts. But even these were changed. There was no music in the trees for me. The river was cold and turbid, and the hills chilly and meaningless.

The sense of companionship had gone out from me, and I was that most desolate of all things—a living soul, alone.

But relief was coming, and I hasten on. One night, as I lay in bed, the words of the book in the summer-house recurred to me. What could they mean? "Ye shall love, and it shall fail; for beyond it is not. Ye may sorrow, and it may fail; for be-

yond it should be not. Ye may be purified, and it shall not fail; for beyond it is."

The beyond—Why should it not be here? And love—the wild love that I had known—it should not be here, because it is not beyond! And sorrow—useless here, because it should not be beyond! Then, there is joy beyond not to be reached by love and sorrow here. And purity—when there is purity here—then the beyond is here! Missing thus, I fell asleep.

Suddenly a voice came, not to my ear, but to my inner sense, and said:

"Through much suffering do ye see the Truth, and are made perfect. Not in human love can the heart find rest. Grief for its loss profiteth not. If thou wouldst taste the joys of heaven, thou must live the life of heaven while here. Break all earthly ties and follow me."

It ceased, and my soul was filled with unutterable glory. The old, wicked passion died, and my heart responded, "Lord, I obey thy word."

From that time my return to strength and will was rapid. I had a God-given life-work, and I was eager to begin it. I knew that this Gospel had been revealed to others, and I determined to seek for perfect blessedness on earth among the favored.

I pass over the opposition of my friends, the grief of my father and mother, at what they termed my madness. He who had called me was able to strengthen, and I departed without regret and without fear. The rest is soon told.

I crossed the sea, and sought the New Jerusalem on earth. And here, with those who have left all—father, mother, husband, wife—left all for the sake of Him who said, "If ye love these more than Me, ye are not worthy of Me." I have found rest, peace, blessedness. I know that heaven has begun with me; that the deep joy that fills my soul will abide with me for ever; and I calmly await the time when this mortal body, too, shall put on immortality; and I shall wake in His likeness in that unchanging home "where they marry not, nor are given in marriage." Amen! Amen!

Thus ended the manuscript; and, reflecting on the strange creeds that lead to strange living, I could but conclude, taking this woman's history as a representative of them all, that most new creeds have their origin in an attempt to escape the human lot of sorrow and disappointment, rather than in a new inspiration from God.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

TO paint the humming-bird with colors worthy of its beauty would be a task as difficult as to fix on canvas the glowing tints of the rainbow, or the glories of the setting sun. Unrivaled in the metallic brilliancy of its plumage, it may truly be called the bird of paradise; and had it existed in the old world it would no doubt have claimed the title instead of the splendid bird which now has the honor to bear it. See with what lightning speed it darts from flower to flower; now hovering for an instant before you, as if to give you an opportunity of admiring its surpassing beauty, and now again vanishing with the rapidity of thought. But do not fancy that these winged jewels of the air, buzzing like bees round the blossoms less gorgeous than themselves, live entirely on the honey-dew collected within their petals; for on opening the stomach of the Trochilus dead insects are almost always found there, which its long and slender beak, and cloven, extensible tongue, like that of the woodpecker, enable it to catch at the very bottom of the tubular corollas.

The torrid zone is the chief seat of the humming-birds, but in Summer they wander far beyond its bounds, and follow the sun in its annual declensions to the poles. Thus, in the north, they appear as flying visitors on the borders of the Canadian lakes, and on the southern coast of the peninsula of Ajaschka; while in the southern hemisphere they roam as far as Patagonia, and even as Tierra del Fuego; visiting in the northern hemisphere the confines of the walrus, and reaching in the south the regions of the penguins and the lion-seal; advancing towards the higher latitudes with the advance of Summer, and again retreating at the approach of Autumn.

The nest of the humming-bird is as elegant and neat as its tiny constructor, a little capsule formed externally of gray lichens so as to avoid notice, and lined internally with the soft down of the cotton-tree. In this fragile cradle, suspended from a branch or leaf, or even a blade of straw which covers the hut of the Indian, the female lays two white eggs, the size of peas, which are hatched in about twelve days by the alternate incubation of the male and female, producing young no bigger than a common fly, naked, blind, and so weak, as hardly to be able to raise their little bills for the food provided for them by their parents.

Nothing can exceed the tenderness which the male evinces during breeding time for his lovely companion, nor the courage which he displays for her protection. On the approach of an intrusive bird, though ten times bigger than himself, he will not hesitate a moment to attack the disturber of his nest; his bravery adds a tenfold increase to his powers, the rapidity of his movements confounds his enemy, and finally drives him to flight. Proud of this success, the little champion returns to his partner, and flaps triumphantly his tiny wings. But with all his activity and courage, he is not always able to avert disaster from his nest, for an enormous bush spider, covered all over with black hair (*Mygale*), too often lurks in the vicinity, watching for the moment when the little birds shall creep out of the shell. With sudden attack it then invades the nest, and sucks their life-blood. Against this enemy neither courage nor despair are of any avail, and if the poor humming-bird endeavors to avenge the slaughter of his young, he only shares their fate. When the dark long-legged monster entwines his brilliant prey, one might almost fancy an angel of light bleeding under the talons of a demon.

From the chivalrous character of the humming-bird it is not surprising that the most violent passions agitate their little breasts; so that in their desperate contests they will tilt against each other with such fury as if each meant to transfix his antagonist with his long bill. It may, indeed, be truly said that these little creatures are sadly prone to quarrel over their cups, not of wine, but nectareous flowers. Frequently four or five of them may be seen engaged in a flying fight when disputing the possession of a blossoming tree in the forests of Brazil, and then they dart so swiftly through the air that the eye can scarcely follow them in their meteorlike evolutions.

What a splendid addition, even to the magnificence of a regal drawing-room, the humming-birds would be, if they allowed themselves to be confined in a cage; but perpetual movement in the air is to them a necessity, and to deprive them of liberty is to rob them of life. All attempts to transport them alive to Europe have hitherto been fruitless. The celebrated ornithologist Latham relates that a young man cut off the branch on which a humming-bird was breeding, and took it on board the ship which conveyed him to England. The mother soon grew tame, and took the biscuit and honey that was offered her; she also continued to breed during

the passage, but died as soon as the young crept out of the shell. These went alive to England, and withstood during two months its ungenial climate. They grew so tame as to feed from the lips of Lady Howard, to whom they had been presented: a lively picture worthy of Anacreon Moore,

"To whom the lyre was given,
With all the trophies of triumphant song."

As the smallest shot would blow the tiny humming-bird to pieces, and inevitably destroy the beauty of their plumage, they are taken by aspersing them with water from a siphon, or by means of a butterfly-net.

There are many species of humming-birds, various in size and habits, with straight or curved bills, with a naked or a crested head, with a short or a long tail; some constantly concealing themselves in the solitudes of the forest; while others hover round the habitations of man, and frequently during their disputes pursue each other into the apartments whose windows are left open, taking a turn round the room, as flies do with us, and then suddenly regaining the open air.

A FRENCH WRESTLING MATCH IN WEST RUTLAND, VT.

A TRAVELER through Vermont should on no account neglect to make a tour of the country grocery stores in the neighborhood of Rutland. Should circumstances permit, a visit during Winter will be found most interesting. The men employed in the maple groves assemble in evenings at the various stores for a lounge, or anything that may turn up. It is not unusual to see a ministerial-looking personage enter, and, after making a hasty survey of the men, single out one and challenge him to engage in a French wrestling contest. Should the gauntlet be raised by another, the two men spread a blanket on the floor, lie down, link arms, raise legs, and at the word "Go," begin a strife to get the best position on the foot for a steady push. The object of the struggle is to determine which of the two can raise the upper part of the body of the other from a recumbent position. Hence, the first object is to get the advantage of foothold. Each contestant endeavors to place the sole of his foot against the toe of his opponent; then the pushing begins. Of course, every few minutes a foot flies from its position, when another struggle for a hold ensues. The men steady themselves by the disencumbered arm, which can grasp nothing but the blanket. These matches occur every evening in some of the rendezvous of the sugar-men, and though they attract the attention of strangers, regular customers pass in and out as if nothing unusual was in progress. Our illustration represents a scene in a store in West Rutland.

NEWS OF CIVILIZATION.

SELLING COTTON FOR CURRENCY instead of gold is an idea now being freely discussed all over the State of Texas. Merchants and farmers favor the change, and it is thought it will be made this Fall.

HONEY IN SAN DIEGO, CAL.—The culture of honey is rapidly becoming a distinctively San Diegan industry. All who have entered into the business intelligently have met with most gratifying success. This has been especially the case in Spring Valley.

A NEW OIL EXCITEMENT.—The oil-wells in Western Pennsylvania have taken a fresh start. The most profuse effluent pipes are in and about Pithole, in Franklin County. The region is now thronged with speculators from Eastern and Western cities, and there are symptoms of a renewal of the oil fever of 1864-5.

NEW BUSINESS CENTRES.—The completion of the Texas and Pacific Railroad to Dallas, Texas, has brought that city and Shreveport, La., into marked prominence. Cotton, grain, and other staples are already seeking those cities from the interior of each State, and the merchants are conscious that a new and glorious era has dawned upon them.

ANOTHER VALUED PRODUCT IN KANSAS.—It has been found that hogs may be raised and fattened without corn, meat, or any of the usual cereals. In the vicinity of Brookville, and in many other localities, there grows in superabundance a nutritious grass known as the "buffalo grass." By experiment, suggested by the finding of first-class hogs in sections where there could possibly have been no grain-feeding, the fact is demonstrated that hogs can be raised and fattened upon this grass by the simple process of "grazing and herding," so to speak. Thus, a new source of profitable industry has been opened up in Kansas.

A FORTUNE FOR THE DOCTORS.—A new trade has suddenly sprung up in Portland, Oregon, by which the bark of the Oregon hickory is made to do service as an ingredient of stomach bitters. It closely resembles the elm's bark, but contains a bitter juice, whose medicinal properties are claimed to be wonderful. A boat-load of about 1,200 pounds was brought to Portland recently—it being gathered in Washington Territory, about twenty-five miles from that city. The price paid for this bark is six cents per pound, and, as there is an abundance of this species of tree, the trade may eventually be one of great profit to the Northern Pacific States.

THE CATTLE MARKET OF THE WEST.—Ellsworth has succeeded Abilene in this distinction. A recent visitor mentions seeing at one time, just outside of the town, twenty herds, with about 1,700 head in each herd. Some of these cattle were of immense size. There are but few native cattle in Kansas, yet there is a great deal of Texas stock. Timber is very scarce in this State, as it is only to be found upon the banks of the rivers and creeks; consequently there are only a few fences; but if a man allows his cattle to get into another man's corn, the law compels him to pay full damages. As for climate, Kansas is delightful; and it is perfectly safe to sleep out upon the open prairie.

AS A GREAT WHEAT CENTRE the fame of Milwaukee has gone far and wide, and the quantity of grain now seeking that market is unprecedented. Wheat from sections west and southwest of it that have heretofore sent their products to Chicago, is now moving in that direction in quantities beyond the capacity of the railroads to transport it; and this, with the produce that will be sent from sections that have long been tributary to Milwaukee, must enormously increase the grain trade of that city. On a recent Saturday no less than five hundred car-loads of grain had accumulated on the Western Union Road, and on the Illinois Central between Galena and Freeport, all consigned to Milwaukee.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN NEBRASKA.—Mr. Chauncey Wiltse, United States Surveyor, has discovered in the northern part of Nebraska an immense belt of pine, hitherto unknown to white men. While engaged in his work upon the public survey in the region of the headwaters of the Elkhorn, Mr. Wiltse

came upon large bodies of pine timber. The first found by him consists of about fifty thousand acres, situated at town 32, range 18 west. It is believed that these pine lands will be of more advantage to the State than the discovery of a gold mine. Men rush to gold diggings, and leave them after a brief and feverish excitement. These forests will attract settlers and workmen in large numbers who come to stay, and whose industries will add largely to the wealth of the State.

A CITY GIVEN UP TO MINERS.—Reports have just been made public of the discovery of immense deposits of lead beneath the city of Baxter Springs, Mo., by a colored boy. The city soon became agitated by the discovery, and crowds of citizens proceeded to the corner of Council and Grant Streets, where the new lode had been opened. It was found that it was an entirely different vein of ore to any previously discovered, and it varied in width from one to three feet, and increased in size as it went down. A special meeting of the Council was called, and the streets and alleys in the northwest corner of the town, where lead had been discovered, were declared public property, and staked out in "mining claims," and an ordinance passed regulating the opening of mines in the streets of the city.

SPINNING AND WEAVING IN THE SOUTH. says the Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette, pays better than raising cotton. A cotton mill has been in operation for a quarter of a century in Augusta, Ga. Goods made there are so in all the large markets of the country at a heavy profit. So assured is the success of this establishment that the company is now adding seven thousand spindles and two hundred and sixty-four looms to those before in operation, which increases its spindles to twenty-three thousand, and its looms to seven hundred and eighty-six, all under one roof. This company has been able to keep up its machinery and all depreciation, and divide twenty per cent. profit yearly on its capital. This doubles the investment in about four and a half years, which is far better than cotton-planters are doing, or are likely to do in the next twenty years.

STEAMERS FOR SOUTH AMERICA.—The work on the two iron steamers now in course of construction on the Monongahela wharf is being rapidly pushed forward, and it is expected that in the course of a month they will be ready for shipment hence to New York City for their place of destination. The largest one is 120 feet long, with 26 feet beam and 4½ feet hold, while the other is 90 feet in length, 18 feet beam and 4 feet hold. They are designed as additions to the Rio Bernago Steamship Navigation Company, whose office is located at Buenos Ayres, South America. The purpose is to navigate the La Platte and other South American rivers running through about a thousand miles of Indian country. They will be supplied with brass cannon for purposes of protection—a very essential matter of equipment to travelers through these wild regions.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

INDUSTRIAL STATUS OF THE SOUTH.—The industries of the South are lacking in that progressive enterprise which is so characteristic of the Western States. This is not for want of intelligence or culture on the part of the great mass of the property-owners, but from a lack of practical application of means which they so abundantly possess. Some of the States and many localities have been, since the war, under the domination of ignorant freedmen and a marauding class of political demagogues; and as a stream cannot rise higher than its fountain, such afflicted portions of the South have been unable to rise, in an industrial point of view, much above the standard marked out by brute ignorance and intelligent rascality. The climate, soil and resources of the lower States invite capital, enterprise and labor, and offer to the same, rightly employed, as much inducement by way of pleasure and profits as can be found anywhere.—Iowa Progress.

GOSSIP OF THE GRANGES.

CHARLES ROBINSON, the first Free State Governor of Kansas, has published a speech fully approving of the farmers' movement, and demanding in their behalf the most thorough and radical measures of reform.

Tennessee reports an increase of 18 granges on the 23d ultimo.

Georgia has now 111 granges, showing an increase of 25 in two weeks.

Seventeen new granges have been organized in Ohio since our last report.

There were 105 granges organized in Missouri between the 9th and 23d of August.

There was a rousing gathering of farmers at Hickman's Mills, Me., on the 23d of August, to participate in a basket picnic.

The Boston (Mass.) Grange was organized on the 21st ult., with John B. Bartlett, Master, and Herbert Radcliffe, Secretary.

A special effort is being made to establish granges in all the grain ports on the Atlantic Coast where they do not now exist.

The Franklin County (Vt.) Grangers have purchased corn by the car-load, at a discount of twelve cents a bushel from prevailing prices.

A harvest home festival was held at Keosauqua, Iowa, on the 23d, at which Dudley W. Adams, Master of the National Grange, gave an address.

Three new granges are reported in Tennessee, with the following Masters: Union Hill, W. F. Summers; Station Camp, I. N. Guthrie; Bethel, M. J. Hassel.

The Napa (Cal.) Grange evinced their enthusiasm and liberty by voting for their treasury \$1,400 to defray the expenses of the recent State Grange held in that place.

William Saunders, Superintendent of the Government Propagating Gardens, and founder of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, is dangerously ill at Washington with bilious fever.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens says he is looking forward to the new movement of the Patrons of Husbandry with much interest and anxiety, and expects incalculable good will result to the people from the movement.

An immense meeting of Grangers and veterans of the Mexican war was held at Sweet Springs, near Brownsville, Mo., on the 27th ult. Nearly 15,000 people were present, many of whom came from a great distance. A good many prominent men, including members of the Legislature and members of the Press, were also in attendance.

In speaking of the recent immense meeting of Grangers at Charleston, Ill., the Indianapolis Sentinel says: "The small fry politicians, the young men of buncombe, who have hitherto exercised their talents as whippers-in for the more prominent leaders, are great and earnest toilers just now, if you can believe their own account of themselves. They sleep in hay-mows, carry pitchforks, parade with hoes on shoulder, throw the ax, and rejoice in disheveled hair and a general appearance of seediness and dilapidation, as much like the genuine farmer as the ass is like the lion. But then everybody is a farmer now, and so is his wife and daughter. And they are all farmers for gain. The real, hard-fisted, genuine tiller of the soil expects to gain his bread and secure his rights. The other sort expect to gain money and position by raising the cry of 'stop thief.' The ice-cream boy on the fair-ground at Charleston to-day had an eye to profit, judging by the manner in which he proclaimed the farmer-like qualities of his commodity. Here's your nice lemon ice-cream, frozen 250 modity. That was a recommendation, and that's just the source from which the farmers have most danger to apprehend. They had few friends in high places but a while ago. They are offered the friendship of all now."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

NEW ENGLAND.

MAINE.—Maine elects a Governor, Legislature, etc., on Monday, September 8th.

Waterville is to have a cotton factory, with a capacity of 20,000 spindles.

Belfast, which lost so severely by the late fire, suffered greatly with the other seaports of New England by the Embargo War of 1812.

The State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association will take place at Auburn about the 17th of September.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A suspension bridge is to be built over the Piscataque, between Portsmouth and Kittery.

Sixty-seven of the scientists lately in convention at Portland, Me., made a trip to the summit of Mount Washington. Professor Charles Hitchcock, State Geologist, was in command of the party.

VERMONT.—The monument which the town of Pittsford erected on the site of Fort Vengeance was dedicated August 12th.

Gold is being found in small quantities at Rutland.

Gold-mining is being prosecuted at Plymouth with encouraging results.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The citizens of West Brookfield are agitating a project for a canal from the head of Wickabog Lake to Ware, which would practically shorten the distance between the two towns twenty miles.

The free industrial drawing-classes which, by law, must be supported in every Massachusetts town of 10,000 or more inhabitants, are pronounced very successful.

The Massachusetts Humane Society has presented honorary medals to Charles F. Hayden and Frank C. Lewis, two lads, for their efforts in rescuing a young man from drowning, in Plymouth Harbor.

Massachusetts brewers and distillers are taking measures to recover from the United States Revenue Department the amount of Federal tax paid by them on liquors seized by the State constabulary.

CONNECTICUT.—The American Union Rifle Association will hold their Fall shooting at Meriden, September 17th and 18th.

The various crews composing the Yale Navy have received invitation to be present and participate in the grand national regatta on Saratoga Lake, Thursday and Friday, September 11th and 12th.

The new safe at the Post Office at New Haven has double doors and a combination lock of 8,000,000 changes, which is unpleasant for burglars.

Professor Marsh has purchased for the Yale College cabinet the Zeltner collection of Central American antiquities.

Bridgeport is to erect a soldiers' monument in Seaside Park.

The reunion of the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery has been postponed from September 11th to September 18th, when it will occur at Cornwall Bridge.

RHODE ISLAND.—The new "Hope Reservoir," for the use of the Providence Water Department, will be finished by November of next year. Its holding capacity will be 80,000,000 gallons.

The Fall Exhibition of the Rhode Island Horticultural Society will be held at Providence, September 23d and 26th. Over \$1,000 has been offered in premiums.

THE MIDDLE STATES.

NEW YORK.—It is now expected that the great International Railway Bridge to span the Niagara River between Buffalo and Fort Erie will be completed, and a formal opening take place, some time in October next.

A remarkable railroad project has recently been brought to the attention of capitalists. It contemplates a line beginning at or below Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and having its termination at New Orleans, with numerous connections throughout the South and West.

There are two projects for the construction of railway suspension bridges across the Hudson River. One by the Hudson Suspension Bridge and New England Railway Company, which proposes to span the river with a substantial structure at Fort Clinton, in the Highlands, near Peekskill; and the other by the Poughkeepsie Bridge Company, who design erecting its viaduct near the city of Poughkeepsie, where the river is very much wider than at the first-mentioned spot.

The National Temperance Convention met at Saratoga, on the 27th ultimo.

The Orange County Pleasure Ground Association inaugurated its Fall meeting at Middletown, on the 27th ultimo.

NEW YORK CITY.—Statistics published show that great activity continues in all the ship-yards of this country. New and large construction orders are being constantly received.

Green De Gragin, A. S. Jewet, J. W. McCollough, Asa Starns, Horatio Reed and George Hincken, Jr., will represent the Produce Exchange at the National Pork Packers' Convention at Chicago.

The Board of Education is notified that Denominational Schools are not entitled to any portion of the School Taxes.

The members of Company H, Second Regiment, N.G.C., better known as the San Francisco Cadets, arrived on the 26th. They will give drill exhibitions.

The twelfth General Convention of the Fenian Brotherhood in the United States and Canada took place in Military Hall last week.

Eighty feet of solid wall at the Battery was dislodged by the City of Limerick running against the west buttress of the boat-landing.

The Colonization Society of Port Royal, S. C., has entered into a contract with the Italian Labor Exchange, by which fifty Italians are to be sent to Port Royal each month.

The Fire Commissioners have decided to organize a corps of Sappers and Miners to have charge of the destruction of buildings by explosions during large fires.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The exports of Philadelphia for the fiscal year just ended exceed those of last year by \$3,226,249.

The seventh annual reunion of the Army of the Cumberland will be held in Pittsburgh on the 17th and 18th of September.

A new oil territory has been discovered four miles southwest of Titusville.

Hon. Daniel Agnew will be the next Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, succeeding Chief-Justice Reed in the regular order at the expiration of his term, which will be on the first Monday of December, 1873.

The Masonic Hall at Harrisburgh is nearly completed. It will have a fine opera-house.

The National Commercial Convention will be held at Pittsburgh, November 25th.

The Democratic State Convention met at Wilkesbarre, on the 27th ultimo, and denounced the Salary Steal.

Unpleasant disclosures are being made about the management of the Morgue at Philadelphia.

THE SOUTH.

KENTUCKY.—Rev. Fathers Vignerout and Tardy, members of a missionary society under the direction of St. Joseph College, Baltimore, for the special care of negroes, have taken charge of the Fourteenth Street Colored Catholic Church, Louisville.

The Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, will meet at Lexington on the 3d of September next, and will be presided over by Bishop McTear.

Rev. Green Clay Smith has accepted the Chair of Political Economy at the Kentucky High School at Frankfort.

The Trustees of the Louisville Medical College have created a number of beneficiary scholarships, for the benefit of poor but deserving young men seeking a first-class medical education.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Democratic State Convention will meet in Meridian on the 19th of September.

The State Republican Convention met at Jackson on the 27th ult., and nominated General Ames for Governor.

ALABAMA.—Huntsville is preparing to build a cotton factory.

Five million dollars is to be invested by English capitalists in the coal and iron business near Birmingham.

GEORGIA.—One nurseryman near Covington is now shipping about 1,000 pounds of grapes per day, besides supplying the home market.

Savannah is trying to bring about the establishment of a line of steamers between that city and Liverpool.

TENNESSEE.—Fine variegated marble has been discovered in Lawrence County.

TEXAS.—Father Raymond, of Opelousas, has gone to Canada to secure a company of nuns to found a convent for colored Catholics near that city.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The freedmen of Colleton County have adopted many of the principles of Communism, and become large landowners.

LOUISIANA.—The United States Marine Hospital at New Orleans was bought at auction by Mayor Wiets for the city for \$50,000.

THE WEST.

INDIANA.—The National convention of the various Italian societies of the United States commenced at St. Louis on the 25th ult.

ILLINOIS.—It is understood that the Railway and Warehouse Commissioners of Illinois have fixed the passenger tariff on first-class railroads of the State at three cents per mile.

The first female professor appointed in the "Woman's College of the Northwestern University" is Miss Frances Willard. She occupies the chair of aesthetics, and has a salary for the first year of \$1,500.

Dr. Fellows, of Madison, Wis., has been nominated by the Executive Board for the Presidency of the Illinois Wesleyan University.

MINNESOTA.—Stillwater is to have a driving park, and an association has been formed to promote its interest.

MICHIGAN.—The fair of the State Agricultural Society will be opened at Grand Rapids, September 15th.

MISSOURI.—A valuable deposit of lead has been discovered at Baxter Springs. The entire surface of the town is being divided into "claims" by the Mayor and Council.

IOWA.—The anniversary of the Iowa Peace Society was held at New Sharon, Manassas County, on the 3d and 4th of September. The distinctive idea of this Society is the banishment of war, and the inauguration of a High Court or Congress of Nations.

A call has been published at Dubuque for a convention of Democrats, Liberals and anti-Monopolists, to be held at Cedar Rapids on the 9th of September.

OHIO.—Senator Morton opened the Republican State Campaign at Athens on the 23d.

WISCONSIN.—The Plattville Fair will be held September 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th.

The Reedsburg Driving Park is now open to the public, and arrangements are being made for holding a horse-show and races there on the first and second days of October.

The Republican State Convention met at Madison on the 27th ult., and nominated C. G. Washburne for Governor.

COLORADO.—Golden City is rejoicing over a bar of black sand nine miles long and one mile broad, which yields \$200 gold to the ton.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

CALIFORNIA.—During the month of August the San Juan woolen mill manufactured and finished 6,250 yds. of cassimere, 11,400 yards of plain and 844 yards of heavy comb flannel, and 110 pair of white, 228 pair of brown, and 523 pair of gray blankets.

A large number of ladies and misses in Los Angeles County are practicing equestrianism, to enter the contest for ladies on the 14th of November next at the Agricultural Park. It will be the finest display of the kind ever witnessed in Southern California.

A contract has been completed between the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the Texas and Pacific Railroad by which the steamers belonging to the former will, for a year and a half, do all the freighting of the latter by sea from New York, San Francisco, San Diego, and all points on the Pacific coast.

A Chinese company of San Francisco has applied to the home government to have an American appointed in that city to act as consul of the Chinese nation.

Raisin-making in California is becoming an important and profitable branch of industry.

NEVADA.—A bountiful supply of pure water, direct from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, continues to flow into Virginia City and Gold Hill, whereat the citizens greatly rejoice.

OREGON.—Baker City contains from 1,000 to 1,200 inhabitants. The town site is susceptible of being thoroughly irrigated, and can be treed and beautified so as to make it a perfect bower of beautiful shade trees, and the Garden City of Eastern Oregon.

Oregon has increased 73.23 per cent. in population within the past ten years, being the fourth in ratio of increase of all the States in the Union.

The number of bushels of wheat, oats and barley, produced in Le Grande Valley this year is estimated at 750,000 bushels, of which 500,000 will be the surplus. Of the sum total first mentioned, 550,000 bushels will be wheat, 150,000 oats, and 50,000 barley.

FOREIGN.

SPAIN.—Don Carlos has issued a stringent order against interference by his forces with railroad communication.

It has been ascertained that the cargo landed on the coast of Biscay by the steamer *Deerhound* consisted of condemned American small arms.

Twelve of the artillerymen of the Barcelona garrison who mutinied and endeavored to bring about a general revolt have been sentenced to death, and 30 to transportation to the penal colonies.

Vice-Admiral Sir Hastings Yelverton, commander of the British Mediterranean Squadron, still retains possession of the Intransigent vessels *Vittoria* and *Almansa*, which were captured off Malaga.

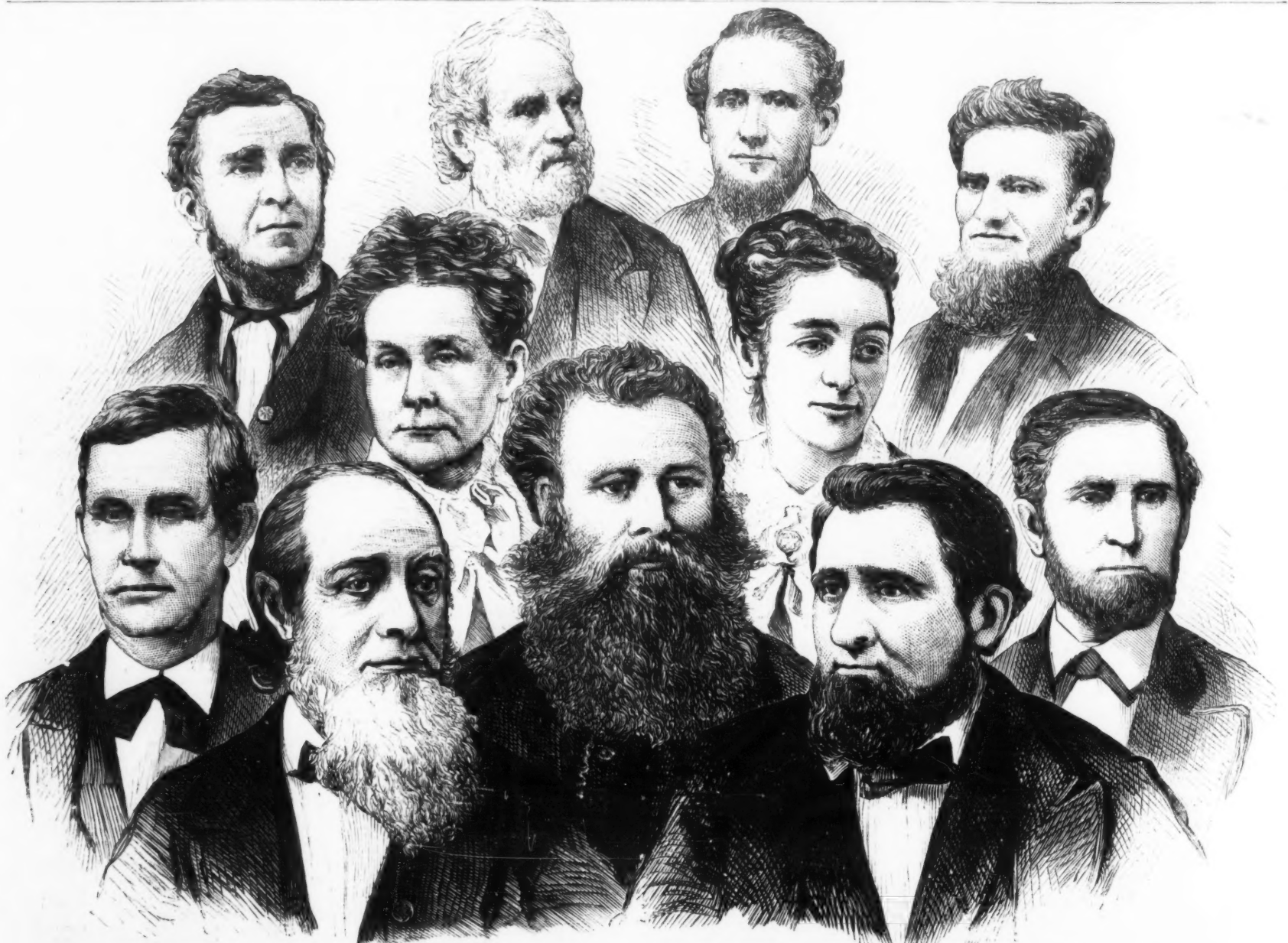
Cartagena is completely invested on the land side by the Republican troops under General Martinez Campos.

Señor Castelar, the eloquent Republican, has been elected President of the Cortes.

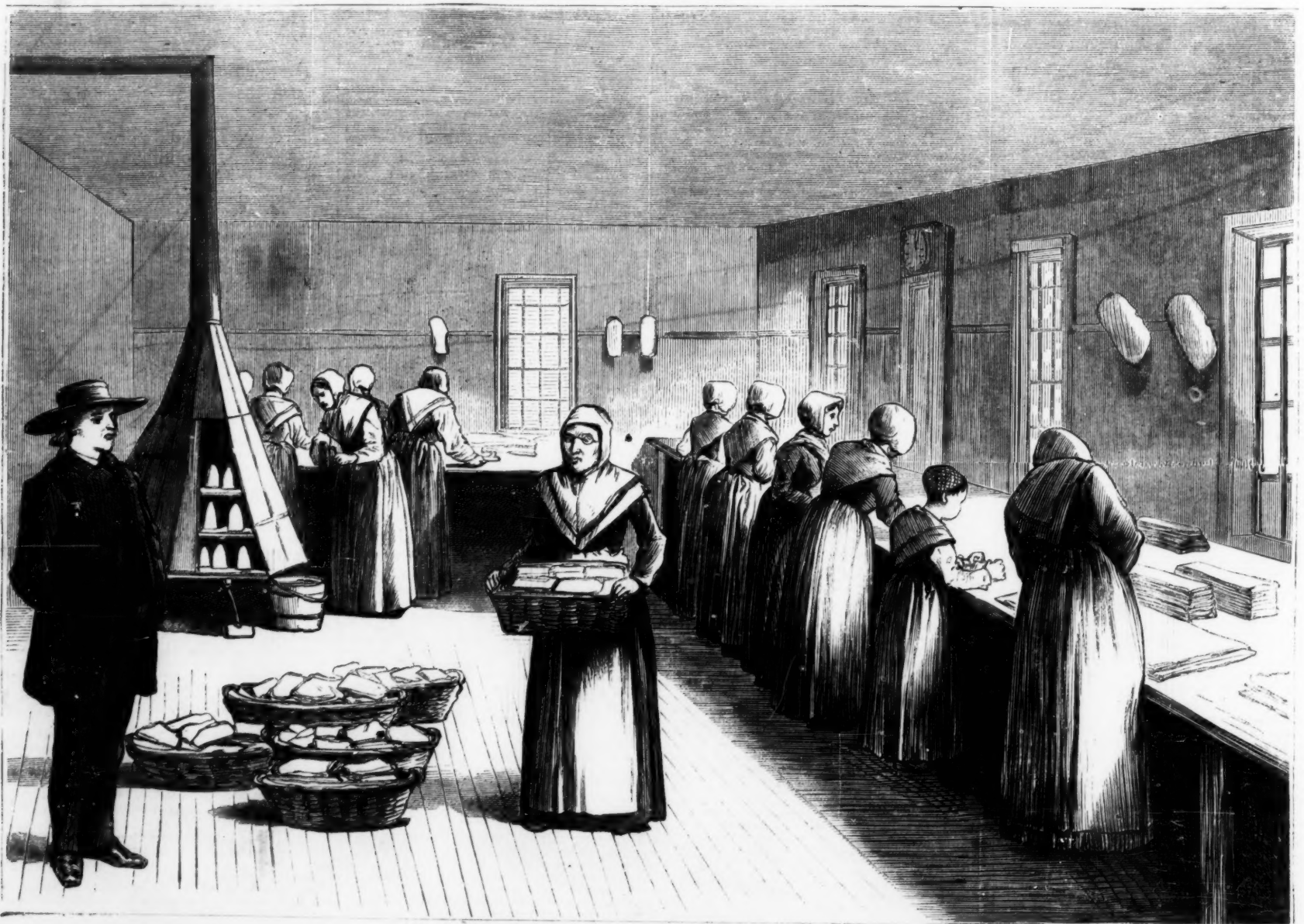
FRANCE.—Commissioners on the part of Russia and Denmark have been inspecting the Conservatoire in Paris, with a view to improve musical education in their two countries.

The inauguration of the monument raised to the memory of the hostages massacred during the Commune in the Rue Haxo, at Belleville, took place on Sunday, August 10th, in presence of nearly 6,000 persons.

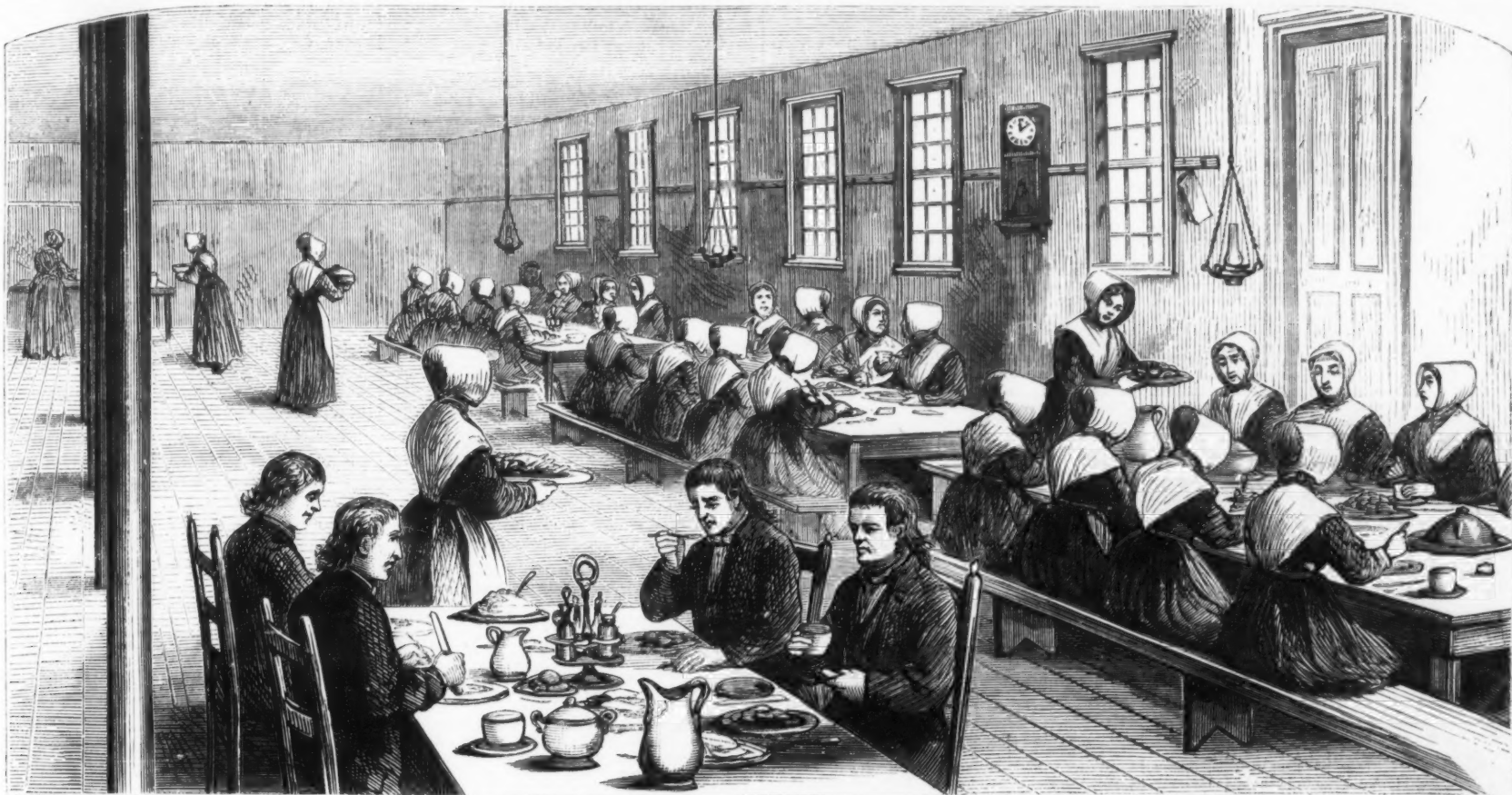
The wives and other female relatives of the transported Communists who desire to join them in New Caledonia continue to be forwarded thither at Government expense.



T. R. Allen, Master of Missouri. Col. John Cochran, Master of Wisconsin. S. H. Ellis, Master of Ohio. F. H. Dumbauld, Master of Kansas.
 John W. C. Master of Indiana. Mrs. J. C. Abbott, "Flora." Mrs. D. W. Adams, "Ceres."
 O. H. Kelly, Secretary, National Grange. Dudley W. Adams, Master, National Grange. Wm. Saunders, First Master National Grange. C. D. Neuman, General National Deputy.
 THE GREAT GRANGE MOVEMENT.—SOME LEADING OFFICERS OF THE ORDER OF PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.—SEE PAGE 7.



THE SHAKER IRONING-ROOM.
 THE SHAKERS OF LEBANON, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY J. BECKER.



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE NORTH FAMILY.

THE SHAKERS.

IN recurring again to the subject of this peculiar people, and while giving some additional illus-

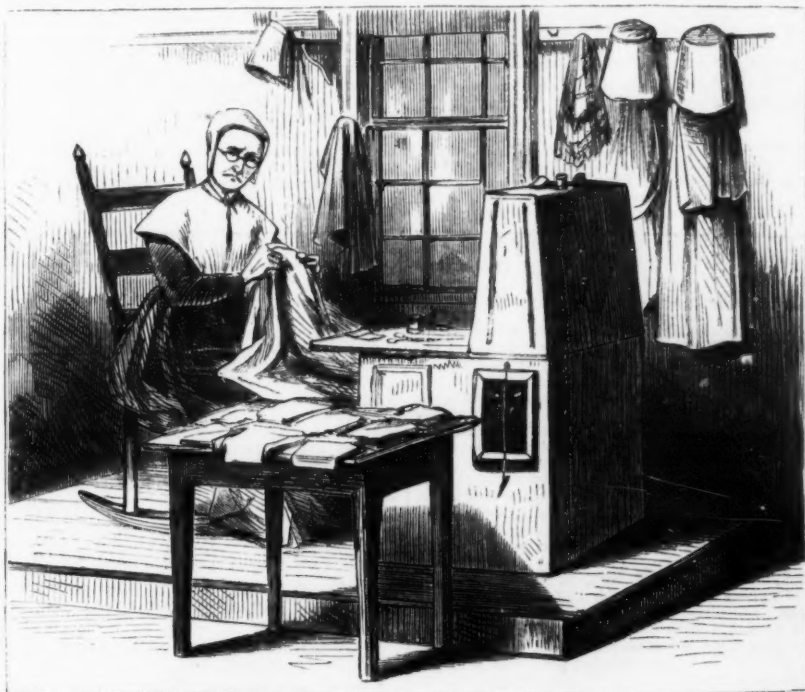
lose almost every opportunity of impressing it with their good example. To be sure, we all understand their excellence in an abstract way, and learn of the perfection of their strange domestic happiness;

own small fraternity only, however meritorious that compact may be *per se*. It is not a little astonishing that Ann Lee—or "Mother Ann," as the Society calls her—who laid

it is thought, soured her disposition, and led her to separate from her husband, who, however pure her motives, thought himself badly treated, and consoled himself by pursuing a course diametrically



THE GIRLS' CLOTHES-ROOM IN THE CHURCH FAMILY.



A MENDER OF CLOTHING OF THE CHURCH FAMILY.

trations touching their habits and mode of life, we can scarcely avoid expressing a regret that they are so essentially separated from the world as to

but, after all, the measure of their usefulness ought to be filled in relation to the common brotherhood of mankind, and not simply with reference to their

the foundation of the Association in celibacy, was a married woman, and the mother of four children, all of whom died young. This latter circumstance,

opposite to the one she had adopted in this respect. Be this as it may, the Community at New Lebanon and elsewhere look up to her as a prophetic destined, although no longer in this world, to perform great things for the Church.

One of the reasons why the Shakers make such admirable farmers is, that they regard the tillage of the soil in a sort of religious sense, and look upon



THE KITCHEN OF THE CHURCH FAMILY.

THE SHAKERS OF LEBANON, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY J. BECKER.



CUTTING BREAD.

the earth as a stained and degraded sphere that they have been called upon to redeem from corruption and restore to its native fruitfulness and purity. This will account, in a measure, for the fact that in no part of America are the trees so luxuriant, the roses more fair, the sward so green and the cottages so trim and white, as among the settlements of this people. New Lebanon is said to have the face of an English valley rich with the culture of a thousand years. Such fields are rarely to be met with in any part of the world; for these men and women till their very hearts and peaceful lives into them, as it were, both of which are strangers to fevered pulses or corroding cares.

The Association, however, is becoming embarrassed through an accumulation of lands which involve the employment of Gentile labor, as it is called, and which leads, they suppose, to a too intimate contact with the outer world, trifling as this latter may be. In the course of time, nevertheless, these acute angles may be worn down sufficiently to allow of the body assimilating itself to our great social compact in a degree that will enable us to work more harmoniously together. Of its excellence in many, if not most, relations, there can be no doubt; and the only thing to be lamented is, that its lessons of prudence, industry and peace are so shut in from the world as to minister to their own comforts and advancement solely or in a great measure.

In a former series of engravings, we gave some illustrations touching the educational and household economy of the people of New Lebanon, and made a few observations upon their habits and industry. To-day, in redemption of a promise made our readers, we renew the subject, and direct attention to the obviously convenient and airy apartments used by this Community in connection with the laundry in the locality just named, and termed

THE IRONING-ROOM.

The utmost system and care are observed here. As all the ladies are dressed plainly and alike, and as the same may be said of the male members of the fraternity, the work is got through with the greatest uniformity and ease. Strangers to voluminous skirts and complex ruffles and sleeves, the smoothing-iron has no impossibilities to encounter or solve; but running rapidly over the plain surfaces, the neat, simple dresses are soon, as may be perceived in our engraving, piled up with the utmost regularity and stowed away in baskets, to be taken in due course to the respective apartments of both sexes. In this room the draft of air is regulated most admirably, while the mode of keeping the irons hot is at once, as will be seen, effective and unique.

THE GIRLS' CLOTHES-ROOM

being intimately connected with this last establishment, we may refer to it here as both spacious and beautifully kept; everything in and about it is in apple-pie order, and characterized by such airiness and cleanliness as to attract especial attention. Nor can we overlook for a moment the useful mission of

A MENDER OF CLOTHING OF THE CHURCH FAMILY,

whom we perceive busily employed, in what may be really termed her sanctum, over some garments in which her quick eye has detected an imperfection which is to be remedied by her supple and willing fingers. In fact, the departments appertaining to the clothes of any of these families or communities, like all others belonging to them, are conducted in a manner the most convenient and admirable.

THE DINING-ROOM OF THE NORTH FAMILY.

"Good food and sweet air" give a rosy tint to the cheek of the Shaker and the Shakeress not common to the generality of the people of this country. That their asceticism does not embarrass the pleasures of the table to any fatal extent is obvious from the variety and quality of the viands which we see spread before this family at their noontide meal. The Shakers eat three times a day only—at six in the morning, at noontide, and at six in the evening. They are silent during meals, and the men and the women sit at different tables, although we are of opinion that this latter is not universally the case. The women wear their bonnets, and wait upon each other and upon the men in turn. Both parties are abstemious in the way of eating and drinking, no distilled liquors, as we learn, being used among them, while the quantity of food they consume individually is quite moderate. They are much given to fruits in the season, and have always a bountiful supply of them, as well as of everything else appertaining to the comforts of the inner man.

THE KITCHEN OF THE CHURCH FAMILY, which also forms one of our graphic illustrations, might be offered in further corroboration of this fact; for here we discover not only the space, but all the mechanical contrivances necessary to the production of a good dinner. Here, the barn-yard, the orchard, the field and the garden find a fitting expression of their respective excellences in both roast, baked and boiled; and, judging from the large cooking-range, and the activity displayed about it, we incline to the belief that all these sources of culinary comfort are tested to the fullest at times. To this we may add properly the department—if such it can be called—for the

CUTTING OF BREAD,

which, as may be observed, is somewhat onerous and important, inasmuch as whoever may discharge the duties of this office for the time being has to use a knife of peculiar construction, so as to turn out with the necessary rapidity a supply sufficient to satisfy the healthy and expectant appetites of the parties concerned.

We have now done for the present with this agreeable subject; and, without presuming to suppose that we have rendered it anything like justice, we shall venture to hope that we have thrown some little light upon it at least.

GREECE—THE ATHENIAN PEOPLE.

ETHNOLOGISTS do not assert that the present inhabitants of Greece, amounting to something less than a million and a half, are the lineal descendants of those who built the Parthenon and met upon the Pnyx. There are many persons, doubtless, of purely Greek origin; but in the progress of time the admixture of Albanians and of all the peoples of the Levant has given to the Greek race much new blood. Very obviously the Greeks of to-day retain many of the characteristics which distinguished the ancient possessors of their name. In the first place, now, as always, the geological formation of the country isolates the population into divisions, having feeble sympathies and imperfect communication compared with those which connect the people of more level countries. Greece contains many fertile plains, divided one from another by stony mountains, the higher ranges admitting of no cultivation, and affording no herbage. Each plain is the

seat of a community having generally only rugged and difficult communication with the next. This formation of the country makes the task of government more difficult, and is without question one of the prime causes of the inextinguishable love of liberty which has always been characteristic of the Greek people.

The level of a country materially affects its climate, which again accounts for the disposition and habits of the people. The high land of Greece, often snow-covered, freezes the winds ranging northward, and exposes the people to great variations of temperature. Sometimes the wind is blowing with icy breath while the sun is pouring down a perspiring heat. These inequalities of climate appear in the physical constitution of the Greek people. They are not hardy; their courage is flashy, not long-suffering; they are excitable, but their passion is not their master, as it is with the Neapolitan or the Andalusian; the cold winds which have taught them care of their body till the city people seem effeminate in their dread of low temperature have also affected their mental constitution. They love ease, not as the Arab does, scorning labor of all kind, preferring, above all things, to lie in the sun covered with his burnoose—not in the boorish fashion of the Dutch, or the lowest class of English—but such ease as the Puritan aristocracy of Sparta had, who left all but war and learning to their Helots, and such as the freemen of Athens enjoyed in the time of Pericles.

In all this they resemble the Greeks of old; there is just the same division between "pagans" and citizens—those who till the soil, and those who eat its produce in the city—that there was formerly. A modern citizen of Athens has rarely any knowledge of agriculture, and indeed would disdain such acquaintance. The leading idea of the ruling and political class is vaguely connected with the resuscitation of the Byzantine Empire, the union of all the Greeks under one government at Constantinople or Athens; that of the laboring and productive class is simply—how to pay their way. There are no rich, and the country is not one to which capital is easily drawn.

The rich Greeks are merchants or bankers, living in London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, in Vienna—everywhere, in fact, where great trade is carried on, and their national characteristic, a sort of feline quickness and sensibility, makes them generally more successful than the duller-witted peoples they encounter, if only they can be placed on an equality in regard to credit. These compose the absentee aristocracy of Greece, though of all their accumulated millions they give naught but *cadeaux* to their country. The wily politicians of Athens flattered them by calling deputies from each of the foreign Greek communities to the National Assembly which elected King George. They subscribe liberally to keep up a war like that of Crete; they are financial wire-pullers of Constantinople, and, if the Sultan's Government were not inferior to financial disaster, they would long ago have completed the ruin of his credit; they make the Greek name respected in their individual conduct; they build observatories and schools in Athens; they, in short, treat their country like a poor relation of good blood, of whose connection they are proud but whose credit they will risk nothing to establish; they give their alms where they should give their fortunes and themselves, and leave the fate of their country to a youthful sovereign, whose misfortune is to be young, inexperienced, and an alien, and to be cast among a needy crowd of hungry place-hunters, who are generally as barren of moral as they are of financial independence. Why do some of these foreign patriots, who are so ready with their interference in Greek politics, invest their money in their country? "There is no good investment," they may reply. But they are willfully ignorant of the resources of Greece if they do so. There are wide, fertile plains awaiting the capital which might make them produce stores of wheat and wine, and oil, while of the land that is cultivated the mode of tillage is miserably crippled. Capital in Greece would produce roads and good police and order and safety in traveling, together with an increase of the revenue and a decrease of the burdens of the people.

FUN.

A TIE vote—That of a jury in a murder case.

BAKERS and singers are a-doughable people.

A SEWCIETY distich—A stitch in time saves nine.

PATRONS of husbandry—Mothers with marriageable daughters.

WHAT parts of an organ remind you of a huckster? Stop and pedal.

"JURY," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." The jury returned with a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

THERE'S an old lady with false teeth out West who wants to know if the Yankees can't invent some new way of putting on pillow-cases. Meanwhile she nails the cases against the wall, and drops the pillows in.

"Yes, take her and welcome," responded an Illinois farmer, when a young man asked for his daughter. "She's run away with a schoolmaster, eloped with a showman, shot a wild-cat, and whipped her mother, and the sooner you take her the better."

A POLITICAL orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, said that on the field of battle he was always found where the bullets were thickest. "Where was that?" asked one of his auditors. "In the ammunition-wagon," yelled another.

MR. COLFAX has been on a visit to Minneapolis. He met an old resident, who offered him a cigar. He refused it, saying he quit smoking two years ago. Stranger—"Sorry to hear it! But have you had your morning's morning this morning? Come to my room and I'll give you an 'eye-opener' that'll make your hair stand." Colfax—"Excuse me, I don't drink—in fact I'm one of those varmint you call teetotallers." Stranger—"Whew! you say you don't smoke?" Colfax—"No, I don't smoke." Stranger—"And you don't drink?" Colfax—"No, I don't drink." Stranger—"Then what the deuce are you doing up in this country?" Mr. Colfax not having an immediate reply ready, the stranger abruptly left him in disgust.

AN exchange says: "If it were not for the conductor who enlivens the trip along the Hook by his remarkable performances, it is probable that an infuriated public would tear the Railroad Company limb from limb. I am certain that I have seen this conductor taking tickets one minute and distributing prize candy packages the next. He rushes through the cars screwing up the brakes, and then skips into the engine-cab to see if the steam-gauge is all right, and to put a little more coal under the boiler; then he comes through the cars again with his arms full of illustrated papers, and finally when the train arrives at a station, there he is smashing up baggage with the easy grace of an accomplished professional!"

THE Edinburgh *Daily Review* records an amusing conversation which took place in the galleries of the Free Church Assembly, lately: Young Lady—"There's old Dr. A—going to speak. Isn't he a bore?" Old Lady (laughing)—"Well, I suppose he is; but do you know I rather like him?" Young Lady—"I can't bear him." Old Lady (after some time)—"Who is that nice old gentleman speaking?" Young Lady—"Ah! that's Mr. B—, of C—." Old Lady (hesitatingly)—"Don't you think he is—rather prosy?" Young Lady (indignantly)—"No, indeed I do not. Allow me to inform you that that is my father." Old Lady—"Oh, indeed! Then I am glad I hit the mark so gently, because 'old Dr. A—' is my husband. So I suppose we have both got a lesson, my dear; don't you think?"

A GRAND MEDAL FOR CLEVELAND.

THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE TAKES THE GRAND PRIZE AT VIENNA.

THREE separate dispatches from Vienna combine to dispel all doubt as to what sewing-machine has won the first honors of the great Exposition. The first was a special to the New York Press on Monday, and was as follows:

VIENNA, August 15, 1873.

The Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine was awarded the Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the best sewing-machine.

The second was the regular Associated Press report, compiled from a long special to the New York *Herald*, in which the "Wilson Sewing Machine of Cleveland, Ohio," was named as among the exhibitors which received "medals for merit," the highest class of premiums awarded at the Exposition. All other sewing-machines will receive simply an award for progress.

The third was a private cable telegram received yesterday from Vienna by Mr. Wilson himself, which was as follows:

VIENNA, August 19.

You have received five medals—two for merit, and three co-operative.

The meaning of this is, that the Wilson Machine has received the grand medal as the best sewing-machine, and a second medal as the machine best manufactured—that is, embodying the best mechanical workmanship. Besides these, Mr. George W. Baker, Assistant Superintendent of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, receives a special medal for excellence of workmanship on the machine; Mr. Williams, of this city, receives a medal for best sewing on leather, done by the Wilson; and Miss Brock and Miss De Lussey receive still another medal for best samples of family sewing and embroidery, done on the Wilson Machine. This sweeps the entire board. Not only has the Wilson Sewing Machine been pronounced the most capable and efficient sewing-machine in the world, but its work, on both drygoods and leather, is pronounced superior to that of all other machines. This verdict at a World's Fair, where all the leading sewing-machines of both continents have competed before a thoroughly competent committee for more than three months, is the most complete triumph ever won by a sewing-machine. We congratulate Mr. Wilson, we congratulate Cleveland, on this admirable result. The people of the United States can henceforth be assured that in buying the Wilson Machine for \$20 less than any other first-class sewing-machine is offered, they are purchasing the best sewing-machine ever offered to the public. It is the people's own machine, made to do the people's work, and offered at a price which every one can afford to pay. It is the people's machine which has won this triumph; the judgment of the Vienna Committee only confirms the verdict that the masses had long ago reached by actual experience.—*Cleveland Daily Leader*, August 20.

Centaur Liniment.

The great discovery of the age. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling which it will not subside, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked breasts, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt-rheum, ear-ache, etc., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain-relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did sell, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for spavined, strained or galled horses and mules, and for scrofulous in sheep. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price, 50 cents; large bottles, \$1. J. B. Rose & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only safe article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may sleep.

A NOBLE ENTERPRISE.—What a wonderful success has been produced by the Gift Concerts of the Public Library of Kentucky! Since their last drawing, on the 8th of July, they have paid out to their ticket-holders Half a Million of Dollars without defalcation or discount in any instance, and now they propose in December to give away One Million and a Half of money! Their past history proves that this will certainly be done, and who can refuse to take a small risk in so magnificent a gain? Then every ticket-buyer knows that if he is not individually lucky, at least half of his adventure goes to the benefit of the magnificent library, which is as much his own as it is that of every other citizen of the United States. (See advertisement.)

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is only two blocks North from a Baptist Church.

If our readers wish to see all that is elegant and durable in Mantelpieces, let them visit Stewart's State and Marble Showrooms, 220 and 222 West Twenty-Third Street, in this city. It is quite a museum of artistic design, and calculated to give the visitor a very high opinion of the perfection to which this kind of manufacture is now carried. Every person of taste, when entering a drawing-room or library, instinctively rest their eyes on the mantelpiece, where so many little ornaments are deposited, and their opinion is very much guided by the beauty of that part of the material.

Philanthropy and Wealth.—The Public Library of Kentucky is certainly a magnificent affair, and an honor to the city and State in which it is located. When it is remembered that a donation to this grand Library can be made and at the same time a chance be obtained to gain an immense fortune, it is evident that its tickets will speedily be disposed of. The last concert in aid of this Library was the fullest and most complete success ever had in the country. Half a Million of dollars have already been paid to ticket-holders, and now a Million and a Half of dollars await the buyers of tickets to the next concert. Who could refuse to venture in so tempting a scheme for the good of the whole population? (See advertisement.)

THE Greatest Pain Reliever in the World is DR. THOMAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT, established over 26 years. Every bottle sold has been warranted to give satisfaction, and not one returned, so the term *humbug* cannot be applied to it. It is perfectly innocuous to take internally (see ointment on the pamphlet), it is warranted to cure, when first taken, Cholera, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Croup, Colic and Sea Sickness; and, externally, Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Mumps, Old Sores, Sprains, Bruises, etc.

DEPOT, 10 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Ye Pimpled, Blotched and Ulcerated Victims of scrofulous diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who must keep it.

SHEA, 427 BROOME STREET, cor. Crosby Street, offers now a complete assortment of Spring clothing for men and boys, of fine and medium quality; also, custom clothing, Broadway suits, etc., 40 per cent. less than original cost. No trouble to show goods.

Instead of BITTER use SWEET QUININE. 933-40

IF you want a stylish fitting SUIT OF CLOTHES, go to FLINN, 35 JOHN STREET, New York (late with Freeman & Burr). 925-1f

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

The mere accident of seeing a notice of the new Elastic Truss by a ruptured man in some stray newspaper has caused the sufferer to send for a Circular, and changed the whole life of that man from misery to comfort. It is worn with ease night and day till a perfect cure soon comes. It retains the rupture securely at all times, is very durable, and sent by mail everywhere by the Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York City, who furnish Circulars free.

The best "Elastic Truss" in the world is now sold by Pomeroy & Co., 744 Broadway, New York, for three dollars. Write to them for full particulars.

CABLE SCREW WIRE

Boots and shoes should be worn by Mechanics and all who are kept indoors, as they are not affected by heat or draught.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES

The strong point about them is simply this, they add 5 cents to the cost of a shoe, and from \$1 to \$2 to its wearing value. 937-40

Wedding Cards, No. 303 Broadway. JAMES EVERDELL. Established 1840. 1f



DO YOU WISH TO BE BEAUTIFUL? BARRY'S PEARL CREAM Removes every blemish from the skin, and gives a pure and BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION. Sold by all druggists, and at the depot, 26 Liberty St., New York. Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

MONTE CRISTO CIGARS

CLEAR HAVANA. EQUAL TO IMPORTED, AT MUCH LESS COST, FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. Wholesale Agency, 161 Maiden Lane. 935-48

Grandest Scheme Ever Known.

Fourth Grand Gift Concert FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE Public Library of Kentucky

12,000 CASH GIFTS \$1,500,000 \$250,000 for \$50.

The Fourth Grand Gift Concert authorized by special act of the Legislature for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, will take place in Public Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3d, 1873.

Only sixty thousand tickets will be sold. The tickets are divided into ten coupons or parts. At this concert, which will be the grandest musical display ever witnessed in this country, the unprecedented sum of

\$1,500,000

divided into 12,000 cash gifts, will be distributed by lot among the ticket-holders.

LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT.....	\$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT.....	100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT.....	50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT.....	25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT.....	7,500
10 CASH GIFTS, \$10,000 each.....	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS, 5,000 each.....	150,000
60 CASH GIFTS, 1,000 each.....	60,000
80 CASH GIFTS, 500 each.....	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS, 400 each.....	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS, 300 each.....	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS, 200 each.....	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS, 100 each.....	32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS, 50 each.....	550,000
TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to \$1,500,000	

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold.

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole tickets, \$50; halves, \$25; tenths, or each coupon, \$5; eleven whole tickets for \$500; twenty-two and a half tickets for \$1,000; 113 whole tickets for \$5,000; 227 whole tickets for \$10,000. No discount on less than \$500 worth of tickets at a time.

Tickets now ready for sale, and all orders accompanied by the money promptly filled. Liberal terms given to those who buy to sell again.

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,

Agent Publ. Libr. Ky., and Manager Gift Concert, Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.

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A beautiful little gem, with which any one can imitate perfectly the songs and notes of all the different birds. The Canary, Thrush, Nightingale, Lark, Mocking Bird, etc. The neigh of a Horse, grunt of a Hog, or other animals. Birds and Beasts enchanted and entrapped by its wonderful imitations. Ventriloquism learned and a world of fun produced by its use. Mailed postpaid for 25 cents; five for \$1, or twelve for \$2. Address, O. T. Martin, P. O. Box 90, Hoboken, N. J.



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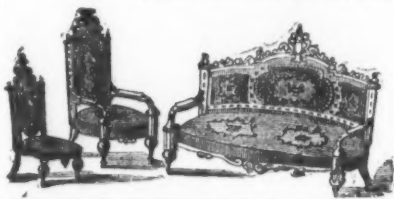
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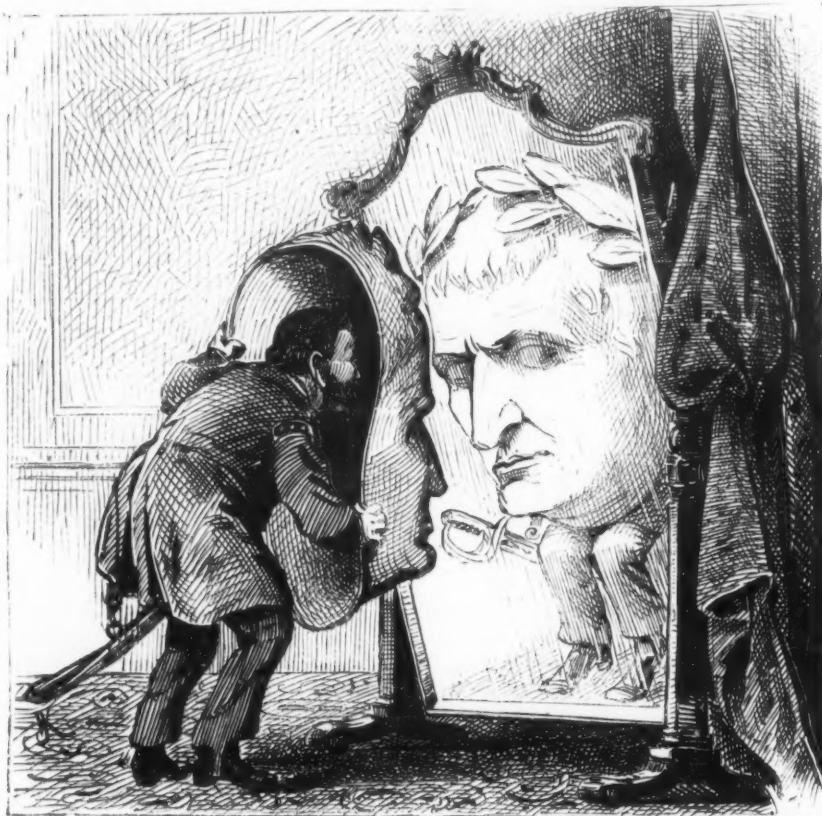
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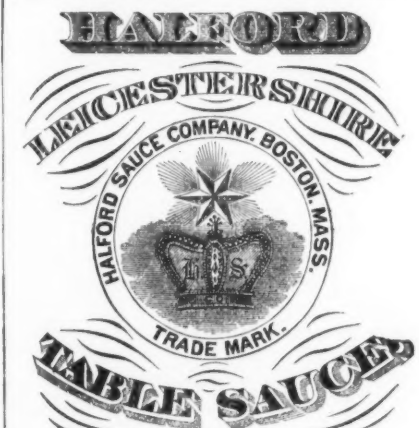
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